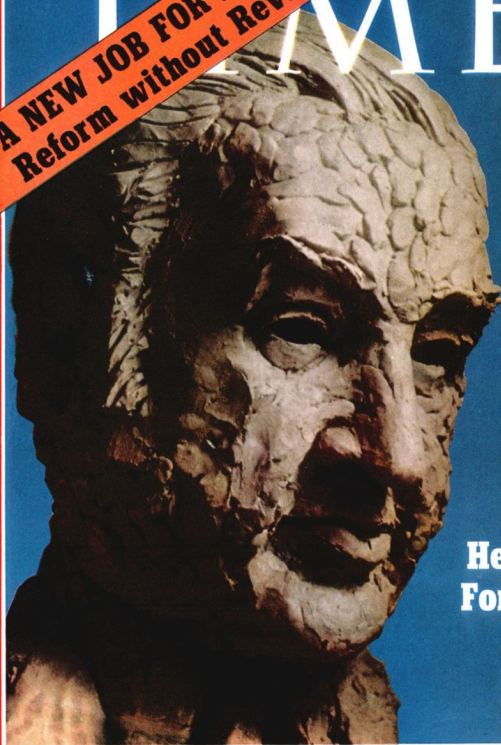


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LETTERS

Last, Not Lost

Sir: I am stunned by the keen insight that Gerald Clarke displayed in analyzing the psyche of our generation [June 29]. He placed our entrails on the table and read the signs with uncanny accuracy. He spoke to me, and I am reeling from the effect. However, we have never been a "lost" generation, silent perhaps but not lost. We are the last generation to have found any foothold at all in this slippery world.

RABBI RONALD MILLSTEIN
Temple Beth El
Laurelton, N.Y.

Sir: Your Essay fit like a cocoon. Too often I've said: "I'm young enough to understand, but too old to go along."

MARILYN HARTMANN MORRIS
Albuquerque, Pa.

Sir: If our only role is to be a bridge, then we must recognize that it is a painful role, because bridges are made to be walked on. I believe that my generation has the courage to accept the challenge and bear the pain; I certainly hope that we have the will, since the usual reason a bridge exists is that it is the only way to the other side.

Thank you for telling us publicly, Mr. Clarke, that "we now have a reason to speak." Our silence was a youthful luxury that we can no longer afford.
(THE REV.) BENJAMIN J. RUSSELL, O.P.
Aquinas Institute
River Forest, Ill.

Sir: Hell, I like being thirty! Anonymous living here in the middle is, after all, the highest kind of freedom. We don't require that the world jump either one way or the other. Nor does the world expect much of us. We may make choices that were closed to our parents by circumstances and to the younger set by rigid, rigid conformity.

It seems to occur to nobody that absolute freedom is found best by being nobody in particular.

D. TYRONE TILLSON
Carnation, Wash.

Sir: How could a generation have "the luxury of growing up in peace and security," as you put it, while its fathers were dying in World War II? I know a lot of Korean veterans who probably wish they'd known on Pork Chop Hill in the '50s that they "weren't expected to fight or die for our country."

Editor Clarke has his own special generation gap to worry about, between his 32 and my 37.

MARTHA M. ST. CLAIR
Mobile, Ala.

Sir: In my heart, I cannot find it possible to forgive you for blowing our cover.

CRANFORD, N.J.

Views on the Voice

Sir: Vice President Agnew's request for the resignation of Joseph Rhodes Jr. [June 29] was absurd as well as hypocritical.

Agnew, if anyone these days, leads the list of American officials who are all talk and no action. It would seem that a man in such a position should exert more constructive physical initiative toward worth-

while goals instead of merely exercising his mandibles!

MICHELE PERRECOE
Monterey, Calif.

Sir: For more than a generation the philosophies, ideals, dreams, hopes and aspirations of the left have been put forth as the law of the land. In tones that brooked no argument, we have been told the way we should think and react. And who was there to say nay?

But now one voice is speaking up in opposition to some of it. And have you ever heard such anguished alarm? To hear the left tell it, half of this nation has been driven underground, while the empty streets echo with the ringer of bullyboys' hobnails, the flail of sledges on presses, and the smoke from burning libraries pollutes the air.

But, really now, liberals, look around you; there's nothing to panic about. Don't you continue to have the unbridled use of the media, the rostrum, the campus? Surely you don't mind sharing a few columns on the front pages or a few moments on the television with the Vice President. Do you need to be reminded that freedom to speak out is a two-way street? Or that the Constitution guarantees you nothing that it doesn't guarantee to everybody else?

FRANK DOAK
Ligonier, Pa.

No Thanks for the Memories

Sir: Congratulations to Major General Phillip Davidson Jr. and his merit system plan for army recruits [June 29].

As a graduate of Item Company, 93rd Infantry Division, Fort Ord, Calif., during the Korean War, I remember only too vividly the shock of transition from civilian to 'cruit. The digging of a hole 6 ft. by 6 ft. to bury a carelessly dropped cigarette butt, the dry shaving of some poor individual who forgot to shave that morning, the rousting out of the whole barracks at 3 a.m. by drunken cadre, and all the physical and mental harassment designed to break in the new soldier. It certainly wasn't conducive to fostering an attitude of wanting to fight and die for your country.

ROBERT BUNDY JOHNSON
Mexico City

Nobody's Business

Sir: I protest the dismissal of Miss Angela Davis from the staff of U.C.L.A. [June 29]. It is just another notorious distortion of legality on the part of Reagan and his gang. One's political beliefs are like one's religion: none of anybody's business. This is just another attempt to deprive black people of their legal and social rights, no different from the brutal suppression of Black Panthers and the totally illegal action that deprived Muhammad Ali of his rightful place in the sports field.

ROBERT BURNELL JR.
South Burlington, Vt.

Sir: As an individual, she is perfectly within her legal rights to be a member of the Communist Party in this country and—since she is of that ilk—to make off-campus inciting speeches and perform similar actions, as long as the latter are within the law. But that the average taxpayer of California should be asked to pay her sal-

ary as a teacher of his young is something I, for one, cannot stomach.

CECILY A. HALL
Ojai, Calif.

Sir: I noticed an interesting contrast between Angela Davis, member of the Communist Party in the U.S., and Dr. Zhores Medvedev, Russian citizen. While Miss Davis uses the democratic protection of free speech to challenge her dismissal from U.C.L.A. on grounds of advocating Communism, Dr. Medvedev is being institutionalized for outspokenness by the very party she prefers to advocate.

MRS. CHARLES J. GUDAITIS
New Britain, Conn.

Convinced, Not Converted

Sir: In your cover story on the British election, you say: "One opinion sampling showed that 67% of the population were convinced that Wilson would win [June 29]." Unlike the other polls mentioned in your article, however, this should never have been taken as a suggestion that the majority were about to vote for the Labor Party. An ardent Tory myself—prevented from voting because I am on holiday here—I was convinced that Wilson would win because I doubted the common sense of the British public as a whole. I wonder just how many of that 67% were like myself.

JANE FARRILL HESLOP
Albuquerque

Sir: Anybody who has lived with an 18-year-old could have predicted the upset in the British election. Perhaps it's the job of youth to keep the established order off balance and on edge, but TIME errs in listing the young vote as conser-

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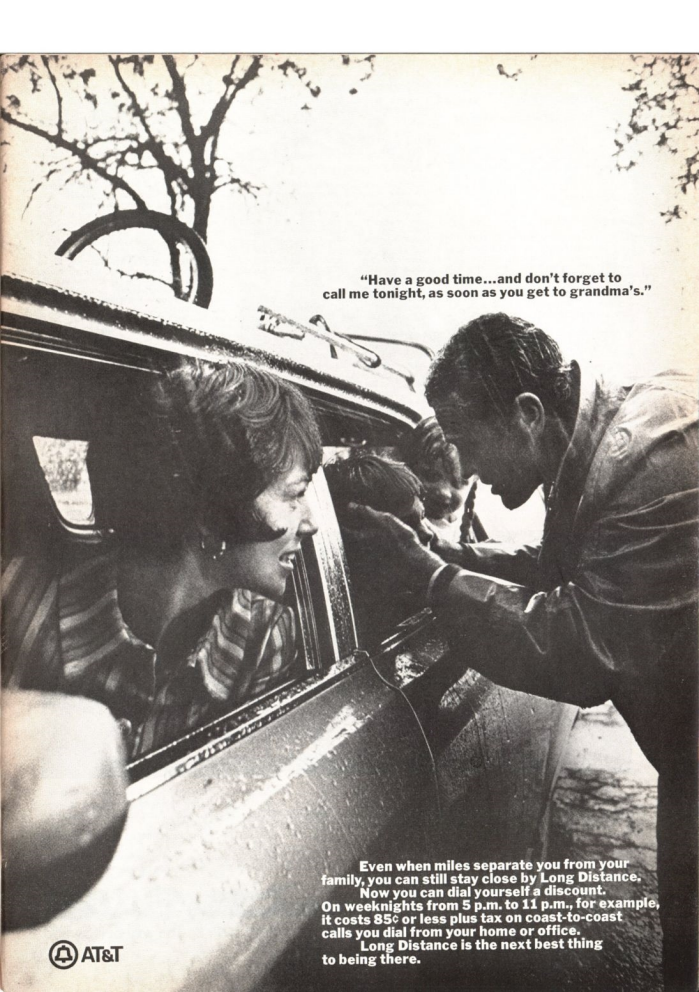
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vative. It's more like a "who's in goes out" vote.

(MRS.) MARJORIE COMSTOCK
Annandale, Va.

Sir: Due to the election of Enoch Powell, British George Wallace extraordinaire, the English had better stop the snotty comments about our race problems.

THOMAS L. TIPTON III

Bellaire, Texas

Portraits of Polluters

Sir: The environmental artists [June 29] can't be real! They have closed their eyes to the exquisite beauty of natural phenomena and abused the landscape with their egotistical dalliances. In so doing, they have added to the grievous misuse of our environment. Their creations are self-portraits that portray man as a polluter—dumping massive doses of dye, burning gas and haphazardly inoculating sterile zones with microorganisms.

JO ANNE MUELLER

Evansville, Ind.

Sir: "Ecological" is a designation that occurred to these glib young opportunists at a very late stage. When Mr. Oppenheim sent out press releases and photographs of models of his works one or two years ago, there was no mention of ecology at all. As a matter of fact, it is reasonable to assume that his activities do more to upset the balance of nature than do anything positive for the environment. One might well ask how much small marine life was poisoned by the magenta dye which Mr. Oppenheim foolishly and

recklessly released into a Caribbean cove. He should be fined for causing pollution.

OTTO F. REISS

Publisher and Editor
Art and Archaeology Newsletter
Manhattan

Toward a Silent Spring

Sir: Last year I wrote to you concerning the near complete disappearance of our songbirds over the past three years. This fourth spring, still hoping I might have been mistaken or that the birds would have staged a comeback, however small, I watched again. I found nine robins and one pair of bluebirds, a total increase of about two or three. I saw six juncos, an increase of two or three, and seven white-crowned sparrows, an increase of five or six. There were ten pine siskins—down from 18 last year. I say those great conservationists—the U.S. Department of Agriculture and their offshoot, the Forest Service—have done their job well, if "conserving" means wiping out the birds.

Just over the mountains from here, seven horned larks, two Brewer's blackbirds, two meadow larks and one curlew—an increase of eleven. However, the curlew has been fading out for years—even before pesticides. As a boy, I heard the curlew's call almost daily—a song of wild and ethereal beauty; a song embodying the loneliness of a loon's call and the mystery of the divine—to hear it was to be stirred to the depths of one's soul.

Along Highways 41 and 287 to the mouth of Granite Creek there was a sprinkling of birds—no flocks—mostly blackbirds, but not a single small songster. I suppose if I had walked far enough into

these grass- and sage-covered grounds, I would have found some, but always before (four years ago), they fairly swarmed here at the edge—so why go farther?

ELI P. CHRISTENSEN

Philipsburg, Mont.

The Tempters

Sir: Meaning no ill will to the residents of Pinole, hurrah for the snakes [June 29]. I see them as one more sign that nature, despite man's insistence on squelching out, in the name of progress, every living thing that stands in his way, can be conquered only as man himself is annihilated.

Nature, however, is just. That no one succumbed to the venom suggests to me the peaceful ways of most living things other than man. No, I do not see the snakes as seeking revenge (justified though they may be) upon the bulldozer, but as serpents coming to tempt us, before it is too late, back to the Garden of Eden.

PATRICIA COLE

Columbus

Sir: The great final sentence in your report about the rattlesnakes of Pinole brings to mind a remark of John Muir's in his Sierra book about the poison ivy: "Like most other things not apparently useful to man, it has few friends, and the blind question, 'Why was it made?' goes on and on with never a guess that first of all it might have been made for itself."

PAUL RAINY

Georgetown, Ohio

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

WE were talking about pollution, and he said, "Well, it's a worldwide problem, no question about that. The Danube is the dirtiest damn river I ever saw. The rivers in Europe are all like that. The Mediterranean is filthy. And nobody wants to go to Acapulco. You can't swim in the bay any more. It's a worldwide problem!"

The speaker was Henry Ford II, and his listener was Detroit Bureau Chief Peter Vanderwicken, who was in the process of reporting this week's cover story on Ford and the new philosophy of social commitment that is spreading through U.S. commerce and industry. Ordinary Ford is one of Detroit's less accessible executives, yet on this occasion he talked open-

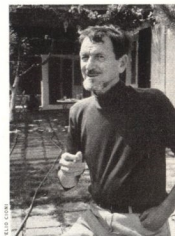
ly and at length with Vanderwicken aboard one of his five jet planes, in his office and over lunch at the Ford "Glass House" headquarters in Dearborn. Those interviews were bolstered by many others as TIME correspondents across the U.S. talked to business, political and civic leaders in their various territories, and sought out examples of enlightened—as well as unenlightened—corporate conscience and social awareness. The finished story was written by George Church, edited by Marshall Loebl and researched by Eileen Shields and Claire Barnett.

The Cover: Sculpture in clay by Jack Gregory, photographed by Seymour Mednick.

WITH deep regret I report the death in Rome last week of Alwyn Lee, who has been TIME's foremost literary critic. He was, as a colleague fondly puts it, "a swinger of the intellect. Until one met him, one never fully understood what the college president means at commencement time when he invites you into 'the fellowship of educated men.'"

There were many Alwyns, and probably none of us knew all of them. Alwyn the critic could sift a ton of aesthetic sludge and produce a column and a half of buoyant wit, pleasure and wisdom. It is stimulating to honor a man with lists, but it would be remiss not to mention his TIME review of Nabokov's *Lolita*, a model of incisiveness and insight; a brief and scintillating piece on Henry Miller that tells all anyone will ever need to know about that writer; and a short story called *Something for Bradshaw's Tombstone*, which prefigures much that Graham Greene would later have to say about the American's ability to wreak havoc on "backward" peoples.

Alwyn Lee was a newspaperman



in his native Australia until 1939, when he joined the Australian News and Information Bureau in New York. His 15 years at TIME were interrupted only by a four-year freelance writing stint. To his friends he was a rare, complex, rewarding and endearing man. His death is a keen loss to his colleagues, to TIME and to its readers.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Atomic Anniversaries

Twenty-five years ago this week, an instant before 5:30 a.m. on July 16, 1945, the atomic age began at a place code-named Trinity, in a remote section of a New Mexico desert called Jornada del Muerto—Journey of Death. William Laurence of the New York Times, the only journalist to witness the world's first explosion of an atomic bomb, wrote later that he felt as if he had been present at the dawn of creation, when the Lord said, "Let there be light." What came to the mind of Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer was a fragment from the *Bhagavad-Gita*: "I am become Death, the shatterer of worlds."

Neither is yet entirely prophetic. Nuclear energy has hardly brought to the earth the blessings of the sun, but neither has man—so far—made use of his power to destroy the planet he inhabits. For a quarter of a century now, he has lived with the Bomb, and since the catharsis of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, most Americans have given nuclear Armageddon little thought. A number of big companies, among them Jersey Standard and Shell Oil, went to great expense a few years back to secure bombproof alternate headquarters for use in case of nuclear attack. Now that trend is fading. The Bekins mov-

ing company, which recently pitched to more than 60 big California companies a \$10 million facility it plans to build ("the most advanced corporate survival center yet designed," says the brochure), has so far recruited not a single shelter seeker. This may signify that the nuclear nightmare is waning. Or it may mean that Americans have come to accept the notion that there is no real defense against doomsday, if it ever comes.

Political Puzzle

A newspaper's crossword puzzle is usually a refuge from the sober headlines, an escapist's Eden of three-letter words for a legendary bird or the 17th century name of Tokyo. Now the heavy cares of world affairs have invaded that preserve. In a Boston *Globe* puzzle last week, the No. 1 down clue read: "Modern type of war." Answer: NOWIN.

Zoo Story

For a 19-year-old, Roger Dean Adams had drunk quite a lot that day—a dozen beers and some wine, his buddies said. After dark, Adams and two companions sneaked into the Portland, Ore., zoo. He lowered himself into the grizzly bear's grotto, but the bear ignored him. He climbed out and tried the pit occupied by two lions, Caesar and Sis. Sis lunged at Adams, catching him by the feet. He died of a punctured jugular vein.

The next night, someone entered the zoo and killed Caesar and Sis apparently with a .30-06 hunting rifle. The zoo's director, Jack Marks, was appalled at Adams' death and shocked that anyone would have shot the lions in revenge. "The lions reacted as you or I would if someone invaded our home," he said. "An attack on a defenseless animal caged in a zoo is the product of a sick mind." Over \$1,000 in spontaneous contributions has come in to the zoo, more than enough to replace the two lions, and another \$1,000 has been sent as reward money for the capture of the lions' killer.

The Wages of Virtue

Two months ago, two Catholic priests in Detroit started an experiment at the Music Hall Theater. Because parishioners complained that there were no reasonably priced movies suitable for family viewing, they started showing such fare as *Oliver* and *Thoroughly Modern Millie*. Last week the priests called the whole thing off for now. They did not get enough customers to break even.



VACATIONERS AT

America In

FROM The Bronx, in perennial imitation of the pioneers, a salesman or engineer heads west in his camper—past the northern borders of Harlem, across the Hudson, through the almost Dantean landscape beside the New Jersey Turnpike, where his family rolls up the windows against the stench of chemical plants. Down the road, as the Howard Johnson's tick by, all breathe easier. By mid-Pennsylvania, past the Amish country and into the Allegheny foothills, the father is almost counting cows with his children. Local radio stations dissolve in static every 50 miles; insects detonate against the windshield. He stops and has the oil checked. The American is in his seasonal migration.

Vacationers by the tens of thousands poured across the countryside last week toward mountains, lakes, trout streams and ocean beaches. Nearly as many,

CAMPERS AT A NEW YORK



CAESAR & SIS
Product of a sick mind.



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Search of Ease

brandishing credit card and camera, were climbing aboard 747 jumbo jets and chartered 707s for London, Rome, Madrid or Tokyo. In Washington, the U.S. Passport Office has accumulated a backlog of 30,000 new applications. The New Orleans passport director has a bleeding ulcer.

Drink and Travel. In this summer of America's economic discontent, oddly, the travel industry may be enjoying its most lucrative season ever. "There are two things Americans always do," says Clarence Stansbury of Michigan's Automobile Club. "Drink and travel." Despite inflation, recession, unemployment, few are willing to forgo at least a brief period of summer's ease. Indeed the impulse to get away from it all is, if anything, even more intense this year. There is so much more to get away from. Observed

Hugh Johnson, an American Express manager in Beverly Hills, Calif.: "People figure they can't do much about the stock market, and they are fed up with the terrible headlines. And maybe there is a feeling that they might as well do it now because they won't have it to spend a year from now."

By far the most popular method of saving money and enjoying it is camping. Last week, from Maryland and Virginia's Assateague Island to California's Yosemite Valley, the national parks were in something like a state of siege—and they were still a month away from the season peak. Unhappily, Americans in their massive, neo-Thoreauvian urge threaten to create precisely the environment they are trying to escape. A haven like Yosemite, once celebrated by naturalists and the *National Geographic*, offers roughly the solitude of Central Park on a weekday. Says one Interior Department official: "Visiting Glacier National Park is like going to a Safeway parking lot."

Peaceful Interlude. Even though most regular air fares are higher than ever—there have been more than a dozen rate increases since 1958—foreign travel has become so routine that it has almost lost its status. According to the Census Bureau, \$10,000 or less is the annual salary claimed by 50% of the U.S. tourists abroad this summer—although this includes the horde of students who are wandering the Continent. With round-trip charter fares to London sometimes under \$200, it can be cheaper for Americans to vacation abroad than at home. It can be fancier as well. This month Cincinnati's World Academy charter service stranded 3,500 students in Europe when it suddenly went bankrupt.

Wealthier tourists are seeking more recondite or merely more ostentatious excursions. At the end of May, the Matson Lines' *Monterey* sailed from San Francisco with passengers who had paid from \$1,510 to \$4,565 to visit the Galápagos Islands, where Charles Darwin once pondered the origin of species. Los Angeles' Hemphill Travel Service offers a 32-day round-the-world tour for 60 people flying in a chartered Conqair 990 with stops in Copenhagen, Malaga, New Guinea and other lands. The fare is \$9,960. Lindblad Travel, Inc., which specializes in the exotic, has organized tours to Easter Island and the Ross Sea area of the Antarctic. In the works now is a cruise to the Seychelles, "the forgotten islands" in the Indian Ocean. Some customers are canceling out of such tours, though, because they cannot afford to spend several thousand dollars in a recession.

Most Americans, of course, do not try to travel that first class, and are simply looking for the easing sense of change, however temporary, that comes with movement from one place to another, with altered perspective. But many hunger less for hectic motion than for a peaceful interlude with nature. Says

Cecil Garland, a former Las Vegas croupier who now runs a general store in Lincoln, Mont.: "For too many people, the ideal vacation has been determined by how much scenery they could see blurred across their car's windshield. Now more people are looking simply for a quiet, soul-healing, unwinding experience. They are not looking for the super-duper deal anymore. People are beginning to appreciate their natural resources more. The wilderness has a way of making friends for itself."

Company from Britain

Not all innocents abroad are U.S. tourists by any means. This week, heading the royal road show out of London, Prince Charles and Princess Anne will wing into Washington direct from a two-week tour of Canada for their first U.S. visit. The object, as the White House and Buckingham Palace rather eloquently put it, is to bring the young people of the two nations together. As the official guests of Tricia Nixon and David and Julie Eisenhower, the royal pair will be treated to a barbecue and swimming at Camp David, a baseball game at Washington's Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, a floating lunch down the Potomac, and sightseeing at Mount Vernon and a wildlife research center in Laurel, Md. The highlight will be a dinner-dance on the south lawn of the White House with 700 guests, mostly young, and two rock bands.

As much on display as the 21-year-old future King of England will be his kid sister, Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise, 19, fourth in line for the British throne and, it is said, something of a swinger. Plump and dowdy as a teenager, Anne, according to *Women's Wear Daily*, the supreme authority for all such judgments, has succeeded at "slimming down and picking up more grace-

STATE PARK ON LONG ISLAND

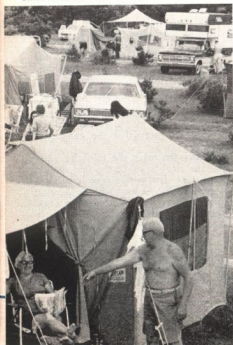
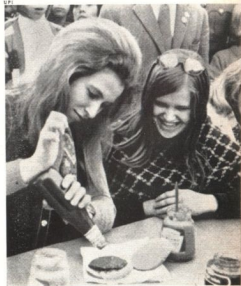


PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



ANNE GARNISHING HAMBURGER IN CANADA
Something of a swinger.

ful airs." Moreover, the best is yet to be, says *W.W.D.*: "She shows signs of a beauty that will probably come with maturity."

Anne zips around London at a royal clip in her own dark blue Rover 2000, dances till dawn at various London nightspots (Mother never waits up for her), rides in horse trials all over the country, buys many of her clothes off the peg in London's King's Road boutiques and wears severe Stetson-style hats instead of the flowery horrors that crown so many royal heads. Last year she sent Britons into paroxysms of one sort or another when she jumped onstage for the finale of the rock musical *Hair* and spent ten wild minutes dancing with cast members, many of whom were scantily clad.

Superdeb. "Princess Anne lives the same sort of life as many upper-class English girls," says a Buckingham Palace spokesman—except that she is richer than most (an allowance of £6,000 or \$14,400 a year), her friends have to call her "Ma'am," and a private detective accompanies her everywhere. She also has decided more fringe benefits, what with her furnished three-room suite in Buckingham Palace, a fleet of helicopters available to whisk her here and there, access to the world's most famous and fascinating people and invitations to a constant round of elite parties and balls. "In a way," the spokesman adds, "she is a sort of superdeb. She has a part-time job, and she has a lot of fun."

Parental restrictions are few, the emphasis being on freedom and a sense of normalcy. She attended Benenden School, which caters to girls of the British upper class and is rated exclusive but by no means cloistered. No great shakes academically, Anne failed to qualify for a university this fall, but no one seemed to care, least of all the princess. "When Anne says she is intellectually lazy," said her former housemistress at Benenden, "I can't refute it." So far the young princess has been content to ride, sail, party, ski and tend to the ribbon-cutting chores that are the appointed lot of royalty. Though Prince Philip reportedly told a friend he would like to see his daughter "gain some sort of solid achievement," he quickly added: "It is difficult to know in what."

If Anne seems a bit frivolous and perhaps even quaintly anachronistic in this era of intense involvement, it may be that her role—reminiscent of Princess Margaret's a generation ago—calls for nothing more.

THE ADMINISTRATION Against the Malingers

On two fronts the Nixon Administration last week continued its vigorous drive against the remaining bastions of Southern school segregation.

► The Internal Revenue Service announced that it would revoke the tax-exempt status of private schools admitting students on the basis of race. The move will cripple many of the private academies that have blossomed as desegregation has proceeded.

► The Justice Department filed suit



PRIVATE WHITE ACADEMY IN MISSISSIPPI
Crippling blow from Washington.

against 52 Southern districts to force them to abandon dual school systems by September. That would reduce the holdout districts in all of the South to only 70 of the area's 2,731. Similar suits against many of the 70 are expected to be filed promptly.

The districts had been warned repeatedly by a surprisingly tough team of negotiators, headed by Robert Mardian, executive director of President Nixon's Cabinet Committee on Education (Time, July 6). Named last week was the State of Mississippi, where the Government charged that state officials were trying to maintain the dual systems imposed by the state Constitution in defiance of the federal Constitution. Other suits were directed at 14 districts in Florida, nine in Arkansas and ten in South Carolina. The Administration insists that when schools open in September, 97% of all black pupils in the South will be enrolled in desegregated school systems.

The use of that figure was attacked

last week by Ramsey Clark, the Attorney General who had preceded John Mitchell. He complained that it "implied that the job is done, when, in fact, it is far from done." Testifying before the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, Clark argued that even when a school district is classified officially as having been desegregated, the actual number of black students sitting in classrooms with whites too often remains insignificantly small. Clark's point is, of course, quite valid, but so is the Administration's effort to take the necessary first steps against dehard segregation in the South.

LAW ENFORCEMENT Plugging Rioters

Over the Fourth of July weekend, several hundred street people in Berkeley marched up Telegraph Avenue after a rally, breaking windows, smashing parking meters, looting a jewelry store and nearly overturning a new Buick from a dealer's lot. They were in for a surprise. Only 14 cops showed up to deal with the mob, armed with something new: large-bore guns that fire five wooden plugs from a single cartridge. The plugs spread out and tumble in flight.

How Ford Put the Lid

Two weeks ago, the Senate administered a mild rebuke to President Nixon when it passed the Cooper-Church Amendment cutting off funds for U.S. operations in Cambodia. The lengthy Senate debate embarrassed the Administration, and when the matter came before the House last week Republican Minority Leader Gerald Ford was determined that the embarrassment would not be repeated. TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil explains how he did it:

THE parliamentary situation was this: The military sales bill that the House had passed some months back had been amended by the Senate and returned to the House in the form containing the Cooper-Church Amendment. The bill was destined for a House-Senate conference, but the rules provide for the House conferees to be "instructed" on their stance by the House itself. It was in this area that the game was played.

Under the rules, the minority party has the right to make the first motion to instruct. This option gave Jerry Ford a weapon that he used with devastating effect on the doves. He decided on a maneuver that would force the doves to lead from weakness. "I'm going to get the weakest guy on our side of the aisle to offer the motion," he told a fellow Republican. He picked Donald Riegle Jr. of Michigan, 32, a dove who Ford accurately figured would provoke

Each one is about the size of a short section cut from a fat broomstick handle. Normally used at a range of 50 to 125 ft., they strike with roughly the impact of a policeman's nightstick. At such distances the plugs cause bruises, but they break bones only at closer range.

The Berkeley police are delighted with their new gadget, which they bought after reading reports that their Hong Kong colleagues had used it successfully in riot control. It is cheap and effective: each shell costs only \$7.50. Four were fired at the Fourth of July crowd, dispersing it immediately for a total outlay of \$30. "In the past," says Lieut. Ralph Schillinger, "we have fired as much as \$6,000 worth of tear gas in one day and still not stopped a riot." The plugs have one other advantage over tear-gas canisters. They are too light to cause any injury to police if rioters throw them back.

TRIALS

Using the System

In its own perverse way, the nation's ailing economy has done for Black Panther Joan Bird what the legal system would not. Last week, after 15 months in jail on charges of conspiracy to bomb



NEW YORK POST PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL LUCAS © 1970 NEW YORK POST CORPORATION

BIRD LEAVING JAIL
One way to cut the bonds.

public places, friends raised Joan's \$100,000 bail and she was set free. The bail was in the form of New York State municipal bonds, and the irony was they had cost Joan's benefactors only \$40,000.

The key to springing the 21-year-old former nursing student was a severely depressed bond market that enabled her lawyers to arrange the purchase of the necessary paper for less than half its face value, and a little-known statute providing that municipal bonds must be accepted at their face value in payment of bail. The issues—all of them bearer bonds and thus freely negotiable—were a ragtag assortment of New York State Housing Authority and Dormitory Authority bonds. The man who engineered the transaction, New York Attorney Victor Rabinowitz, said he intends to use the method to free some of the remaining ten Panthers. As for Joan, she embraced her mother upon leaving the Women's House of Detention, then whipped off a clenched-fist salute.

RACES

Trouble Across the Tracks

To the thousands who flock each summer weekend to its white sand beaches and boardwalk carnival rides, Asbury Park, N.J., seems a tidy, if somewhat faded haven of tranquility. But it is also, like many American small towns, a community where "across the tracks" still has a vivid, invidious meaning. To the east of the Penn Central railroad line, where well-kept lawns sweep toward the Atlantic Ocean, live most of Asbury Park's 12,500 whites. On the West Side, in a ghetto of frame houses splay-

ing out from Springwood Avenue, live most of Asbury Park's 8,500 blacks. Last week the tranquility was shattered by four nights of black riots that began on the West Side but spilled briefly across the tracks to white Asbury Park as well. The toll was 190 injured, 174 arrested and some \$4,000,000 in damages to stores and residences.

The trouble began with rock and bottle throwing following an Independence Day dance on the West Side. For two days the window-smashing, fire-bombing and looting were confined to the black neighborhood, leaving it without power and short on food, and turning much of Springwood Avenue into a smoldering ruin. Though the town has a white mayor and a black police chief, efforts to negotiate a truce failed. Angry black teenagers then led a charge across the Penn Central tracks into the fringe of the white business district. The litany of their grievances was reproachfully familiar: too little urban renewal, too few jobs, inadequate play areas, inadequate communication between black and white leaders. When the unemployed of Asbury Park look to the local welfare officer for help, they find her in the telephone directory under the listing Overseer of the Poor.

Giving a hard, immediate edge to the battle was the behavior of many of the 200-odd New Jersey state troopers called in to quell the rioting, a job some executed with zeal. Ninety-two blacks were wounded by police shotguns and pellet guns. But Asbury Park's black residents had smashed the town's complacency. After two days of rioting, but before the white district had been hit, Mayor Joseph F. Matrice had said: "We're very fortunate it occurred where it did. It didn't affect our business area."

OFFICERS SUBDUDE YOUTH IN ASBURY PARK



on Cooper-Church

maximum opposition to the doves' own cause. Riegle is a brash young second-term Republican who has offended members of the House by open criticism of his seniors. "They really had it wired," one dove said when he heard of Ford's choice. "They got this potato head to make the motion."

Some of the dovish Republicans tried to talk Riegle out of it, but he would not be denied his moment on center stage. Riegle offered his motion for the House to join the Senate in approving Cooper-Church. Wayne Hays of Ohio, a Democratic hawk, instantly asked House Speaker John McCormack who would assign the speaking time during the debate on Riegle's motion. Riegle, replied McCormack. The prospect of Riegle cavorting, however briefly, in even a minor leadership role was too much for Hays, a veteran of 22 years in the House. He moved to table Riegle's motion, which, under House rules, automatically cut off all debate.

Hays had taken Ford's bait. His own hawkishness and enmity toward Riegle overwhelmed any reluctance he may have felt as a Democrat to abet the Administration strategy. The House approved Hays' motion, 237 to 153. The House's doves, who had little hope of winning on Cooper-Church but yearned for a floor debate on the war issue, had been outmaneuvered, outplayed and outvoted. Ford knew the rules, he knew his colleagues, and he knew how to use both to get what he wanted.

How Goes the Second Children's Crusade?

JULIAN FIFER is a gentle, soft-spoken 19-year-old cellist who is a Columbia College sophomore. Before the Cambodian invasion and the student deaths at Kent State University, he says, "I hadn't reached the state within myself to be involved in anything political. I had my music. The disruption of everything this spring forced me into a commitment." It is a strong commitment. Recently he and four other students walked onto a building site in lower Manhattan where they spent more than four hours discussing their differences with the construction men. "I saw one guy in the group just plastered with American flags," Fifer said. "I introduced myself, and he warmed up. We talked, and when I left he told me that what we're doing is really great."

Heady Days. Fifer is typical of the residue of tough-minded collegians left after a powerful but formless wave of students came rushing onto the scene in May to establish a beachhead in conventional politics. Summer started, school ended, and predictably most of the student volunteers have forsaken figurative for littoral beaches. But those who remain are hard at work registering voters, gathering petitions, computerizing, analyzing their mistakes in the spring primaries, interested in winning on the issues rather than losing with *elan*. Their principal goal in November is to elect a Congress that will end the Viet Nam War and turn the nation's attention and efforts to the achievement of racial reconciliation, a better environment, the restoration of the cities and similar social issues.

Many of the students and some of their faculty are brought together under an organization called the National Coalition for a Responsible Congress, located in New York, which is coordinating the activities of other groups. Perhaps the most visible component of it so far is the Movement for a New Congress, which is devoting itself to organizing student power in a limited number of congressional races where the young believe that they can make the difference between victory and defeat. The M.N.C. is setting up regional centers throughout the country. Some are embryonic and may never really come to life; others are already operative. Headquartered in Princeton, M.N.C. has a computer that sorts and slots the names of more than 10,000 students who in the heady, rebellious days of spring said they would work for the cause.

Among the other organizations working within the coalition at a national level:

- The National Petition Committee at the University of Rochester is preparing sophisticated TV and radio spots to further an antiwar petition addressed to Congress.

- The Universities National Antiwar Fund of Harvard and M.I.T. is asking

faculty members to donate a day's salary for the support of approved congressional candidates.

- The Bipartisan Congressional Clearing House in Washington is providing political analyses on which other groups can base their actions.

- The Continuing Presence in Washington is a permanently based group designed to serve as a clearinghouse for lobbying operations in the capital.

Beer and Pizza. Beneath these broad groups, much purely local activity is under way. At Smith College, 1,500 young women pledged to spend time this summer trying to sway Rotary Clubs and other community organizations in



FIFER AT M.N.C. HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK
Powerful residue from the wave.

their home towns. A workshop in realistic political organizing will be held next month at Northwestern University; 71 students concluded a similar session last week at the College of Wooster, Ohio. Other students have turned to other forms of political activity. At Rutgers University in New Brunswick, N.J., movement members tried to reach their elders through beer-and-pizza parties and even staged a Moms' Night.

In Riverside, Calif., a total-involvement project is under way: 1,500 University of California students distributed 600,000 pieces of literature, talked to thousands of people in the community, and got 13,000 names on an antiwar petition. They then computerized the names of the petition signers for development into a neighborhood cadre to work in the community in common cause with the students on a variety of issues. Says Political Science Student Thomas Findley, 24, an ex-Navy-

man: "We have time and tremendous resources on campus. With the mass power base, we hope to produce effective political action."

The students have their problems. In Illinois an imaginative plan was designed to run a train loaded with pioneering students cross-country. Lack of funds has so far stymied the plan. The train would cost \$15,000 a day to run; the students raised only \$2,000. The National Petition Committee, after collecting 130,000 signatures early in its campaign, had planned to send six teams around the country to expand its petition drive during the summer; not all of the teams got started. "We had unrealistic expectations of the level of activity," said Committee Member Ron Formisano. In New York, 1,800 students made springtime promises for primary work, but fewer than half kept them. Said Stephen Golden of the New York regional office of M.N.C.: "There weren't concentrated groups of people who carried through with the whole process. Students came in for a day, two days. There were probably 600 to 700 of those. Students have a great lazy streak."

The Wrong Man. So far, the box score has not been encouraging either. In a highly publicized Brooklyn primary election, a young lawyer named Peter Eikenberry, backed by M.N.C. student power, lost by 1,623 votes in his attempt to take a congressional nomination from John Rooney, a Democratic machine incumbent. Why did the clubhouse defeat the schoolhouse? Two basic tactical errors turned up in the students' post-mortem. Willing, white middle-class students were not familiar with the issues troubling the Irish, Italian, black and Hasidic Jewish voters in the district. Moreover, the student canvassers neglected an area known to favor Eikenberry heavily.

In New Jersey, the students fell into an opposite snare. They got thousands of voters to the polls—only to find them voting for the wrong man. Dovish Challenger Lewis Kaden failed by a wide margin in an effort to unseat Democratic Representative Edward Patten in the 15th District, right in the Princeton backyard of the M.N.C. No one can fault the students' energy; they got 3,000 more voters to take part in the congressional primary than voted in a U.S. Senate primary in the same district. But an analysis showed that blanket canvassing in pro-Kaden areas brought Patten voters out as well.

Many students drop out when they find the work they confront is neither research nor policymaking. Sometimes those who remain waste their efforts. On Long Island, students helped Harvey Sherman, a peace candidate, win a Democratic congressional nomination, but they face certain disappointment in November in the habitually Republican

district. In a Cambridge, Mass., convention on June 28, more than 700 young people turned out to hear congressional candidates and make endorsements, eschewing a fine summer day and a free performance by the cast of *Hair* less than a mile away. Yet they were clearly bored by a peace candidate who—not illogically from his point of view—discussed the problems of the fishing industry in a district that includes Cape Cod.

The students are discovering other traditional difficulties that go along with traditional political activity. At Columbia University, M.I.T. and at Brandeis University, student groups have agreed to administration requests that they evacuate on-campus offices. Columbia, though publicly citing a need for the office

antiwar Republican, and his staff called their aid "crucial" in the narrow victory he won for renomination.

S.D.S. Out. For the most part, the student approach has been realistic and determined. The new activists differ from the first young crusaders who carried Eugene McCarthy to sudden prominence in 1968. Golden says: "There was more idealism in the McCarthy thing. There was a once-and-for-all feeling of making a major change. I don't think many of the young people working here feel we're going to bring about an overwhelming immediate change. We just feel that this is the best way of going about starting it."

The S.D.S. is sitting this one out. The activist students are for the most part, like Julian Fifer, former members of the uncommitted, politically uninvolved section of the collegiate spectrum. As one student put it: "The philosophy this year is to pick up on an older form of 'radicalism.' We are trying an older approach into politics."

DRUGS

Paraphernalia, Inc.

In the argot of the drug world, it is "paraphernalia": the necessary accoutrements to merchandising heroin. The small glassine envelopes, or "bags," used to package heroin are paraphernalia. So, too, are the legal, harmless powders used to dilute the drug, usually quinine, dextrose, lactose or mannite. According to a House Select Committee on Crime investigation in New York City, peddling paraphernalia has grown into a \$5,000,000-a-year business.

One outlet, the Harlem Stationery Co., sold 52,000,000 glassine bags in 1969 alone, accounting for nearly 20% of the store's \$500,000 sales. A Harlem drugstore, the Co-Op Pharmacy, peddled 47 million bags over a two-year period for an estimated \$100,000 profit. There are, of course, other users of the envelopes, such as watch repairmen and stamp collectors, but the committee concluded that most bags sold in Harlem were used to package heroin.

The Co-Op Pharmacy also sold 40,000 ounces of quinine, worth \$60,000, in the same two-year period. Estimated revenues from the sales were between \$1,000,000 and \$1,400,000. The committee was told that regular sales of quinine and the other heroin additives would only total a few hundred thousand dollars a year for all of New York City.

Last week a 14-year-old Harlem youth died from an overdose of heroin. He was the 102nd teen-ager to die from drug-related causes so far this year in New York City; 322 adults have also been killed by drugs in the same period. To slow one aspect of this lethal trade the committee members are studying the possibility of new legislation to control the sale of paraphernalia, including quota systems for the sale of heroin additives. In an attempt to help,

the United States Envelope Co. of Springfield, Mass., which manufactures glassine envelopes, last week announced that it will sharply limit production and distribution of its bag-sized envelopes.

Build Insurance

Entrepreneurs on the fringe of the drug culture are also at work elsewhere. In the San Francisco area, a young Canadian, Michael Sudds, is starting an organization called Free Weed, dedicated to the legalization of marijuana. It also offers a more immediate benefit: free legal defense for members who get caught in the Cannabis trap.

Although planned as a moneymaking operation, it is doubtful that Free Weed will ever grow into a million-dollar plant. Membership requires filing an applica-

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMANN



SUDDS

Just a legal defense fund.

tion and payment of \$50 for the first six months. Thereafter, renewals cost \$50 per year. In return, Free Weeders will be entitled to \$1,500 worth of legal defense when busted for possession of marijuana and \$5,000 in legal expenses if they are apprehended selling it. So far, Sudds has received several hundred requests for membership applications.

The idea grew out of a similar operation that Sudds helped found in Victoria, B.C., last winter. The Canadian corporation is called C.F. & S. Contracting Co. Ltd., after the first letter in the three founders' last names. To date, C.F. & S. has prospered. Only three of its 500 clients have been busted, and their legal fees came to about \$2,000. Unfortunately, the "C" in the organization's title, who is credited with developing the idea, is not profiting much from the experiment. He is currently serving time in a Canadian prison for possession of marijuana.



EIKENBERRY IN BROOKLYN CAMPAIGN
But the clubhouse beat the schoolhouse.

space, told the regional staff of the M.N.C. that the university wanted to conform to federal guidelines that raise doubt about tax exemptions because of political activity by groups like M.N.C. At Brandeis, it was local tax officials who raised a similar problem. However, the Internal Revenue Service has given its blessings to a plan, originated at Princeton, under which students will get up to two weeks off before the November election for campaigning without raising tax problems for the schools. The time will be made up through rescheduling the rest of the academic calendar. At least 18 schools are going ahead with the election recess.

In the June primaries, the students' scorecard showed only one clear victory, that of Ron Dellums, a radical black congressional candidate from Berkeley. However, more than 300 students helped in the Westchester County, N.Y., campaign of Ogden Reid, an

The Lonely Passion of Karl E. Smith

The solitary tinkerer, an archetypal figure of American technology, has widely been replaced by corporate research and development teams armed with computers. Still, some lonely inventors do survive. TIME's Timothy Tyler visited one of them:

KARL E. SMITH, 54, is a shy, forlorn man who is almost marooned in his solitude. To find him, a visitor heads north from Fresno, Calif., and up into the Sierras, following a single-lane trail that winds endlessly along 9,000-ft. precipices. Finally, the traveler arrives at Florence Lake, and there is Karl, smiling nervously, waiting in rumpled cowboy clothes, wearing a three-day beard and smelling of horses. He helps you into his aluminum outboard motorboat and you putter to the other end of the lake. There you mount a horse, and three hours later, after climbing mountains and slogging through countless streams and upland bogs, you reach Karl's ranch.

He built it all with his hands—killing work that took 18 years—all because he wanted to live and invent as far from civilization as he could. To survive, he operated the place as a dude ranch in the summer.

Monster Chickens. Karl was a trombonist with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra when he bought his 200 acres in 1952. At first he wintered in Dallas, spent summers building the ranch. But as he built, he found he could not keep from inventing things: an underwater device that guides his boat safely to shore, or a collapsible bow, for hunting on horseback.

Once he invented something other people actually used. It was part of a complex brain-surgery device for scientists at Berkeley, which enabled an electronic needle to enter a chicken's brain and reach its hypothalamus with-

out killing the chicken. "It worked so well I had chickens laying double eggs, eating their heads off, or not eating at all. They could have created monster chickens with my instrument," Karl says proudly.

It was in 1960 that Karl had his biggest brainstorm: a revolutionary new rear-view mirror for automobiles. "Suddenly I got the idea, what a great thing to see over the top of the car instead of having to see through all those heads and seats and blind spots inside the car. I thought, 'Gee whiz, Karl, here's opportunity knocking at the back door, success. Invent over-the-top rear vision and make money fast!'"

Panoramic Periscope. So Karl quit the symphony, moved his family from Dallas to Auberry, a town in the foothills below his ranch, and began to develop his mirror full time. The principle was simple: a panoramic periscope. A system of three mirrors, each as wide as the car, mounted in the roof above and inside the windshield. The top mirror juts four inches above the roof, catches an unobstructed view to the rear and sides, and then transmits it via the other two mirrors down to the driver.

The tricky part was getting the three mirrors exactly the right size and shape, and at just the right angles and distances from one another. The puzzle took Karl three years to solve, working ten- and 15-hour days, trying thousands of pieces of glass. "We had to get rid of the dining-room table," says his wife Adeline, "to give Karl room to work. After that, we ate mostly TV dinners." Adeline taught school in Auberry so they would not starve.

Nearly broke, Karl at last hit on the magic combination of mirrors that had eluded other inventors who had thought of the same basic idea. He bought a '61 white Corvette, built a new top for

it, incorporating the mirror, and drove it down to Los Angeles expecting to astound the world. It was indeed a wonderful mirror, making driving many times safer and easier. But all Karl got was one small article in the Los Angeles Times. Then he tried writing letters to all the Senators and Congressmen he had heard of and to 17 federal agencies. Nothing happened.

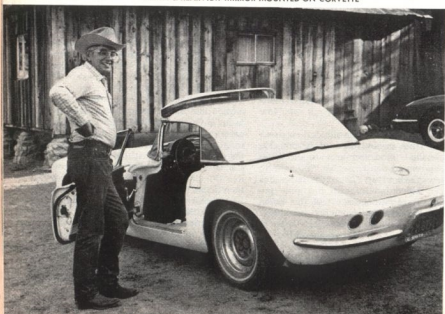
Machine Guns in Back. Shaken but undaunted, Karl wrote asking to testify when the Senate auto-safety hearings came along in '65. He was amazed when the committee refused. The following year, however, Karl managed to get on the witness list for the House hearings and drove his Corvette all the way to Washington. On the way he was stopped several times by police, because his Corvette has no rear window, the better to demonstrate the virtues of his device. Once a highway patrolman drew his gun on Karl and searched the car, explaining that cars without rear windows generally had machine guns in the back. At the hearings, Karl testified about his mirror, but no one seemed to listen.

So Karl drove doggedly on to Detroit, getting arrested again on the way, and challenged the automakers to match safety mirrors with his. Four auto companies examined it, eventually turned it down. Karl was despairing when the Department of Transportation was founded. He flew back to Washington and explained his mirror to DOT. But the department seemed uninterested also.

The years were rolling by, and Karl had about given up, when DOT commissioned a research firm in Santa Monica to test the leading safety-mirror concepts. Karl's invention was among them. The report, which came out last year, said: "There is no vehicle on the road which permits maneuvers such as freeway lane changes and merges to be made as quickly, safely and with such a high degree of assurance as does the Smith car." As a result, there is a chance that a Santa Barbara firm, under contract to DOT, will build a prototype of Karl's car. DOT could then possibly, just possibly, recommend the Smith mirror to Detroit.

Now Karl, the lone inventor, brims with hope. But at times he wonders if it has been worth it. He has had a miserable ten years. Five of his horses have been killed by lightning, the old Corvette hardly runs any more. Karl has been stopped by police 400 times, and duped by two different firms that promised to build a prototype of his car but tried to steal his patent instead. Karl is out \$30,000. He looks older than his 54 years and has grown care-less about his appearance. He trembles. But a man who will spend three years in his dining room playing with pieces of glass does not give up easily. "I really think this is it, don't you?" he says. "I mean, it's been ten years now, and my car is the only reasonable solution to the vision problem. They've got to build my car, don't you think?"

SMITH & REARVIEW MIRROR MOUNTED ON CORVETTE



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WORLD



WRECKAGE OF PLANE EGYPTIANS CLAIM TO BE ISRAELI PHANTOM



BAR-LEV AT PRESS CONFERENCE

Middle East: That Electronic Summer

WITH almost eerie prescience, Israel's Defense Minister Moshe Dayan predicted four months ago: "This summer is going to be an electrifying one, an electronic one. There will be some fighting, but its accent will probably revolve around the deployment and setting up of new weapons systems. There will be lots of aerial incursions." By an electronic summer, Dayan meant clashes between Soviet-built, radar-controlled Egyptian surface-to-air missiles and Israeli jets equipped with electronic countermeasure (ECM) devices. Bearing out Dayan's forecast fully, the electronic war last week was humming at full frequency—and it involved not only the principal Middle East adversaries but increasingly the U.S. and Russia.

The first results stunned Israel. In the space of six days three Israeli Phantom jets were shot down, and all but one of the six pilots and crewmen involved were captured by the Egyptians. To Israeli officials, it seemed plain the Soviet Union had moved into a crucial phase in its Arab support.

The Button Pushers. Phase 1, as the Israelis see it, began last March when Soviet SA-3 ground-to-air missiles were shipped to Egypt along with Russian crews to man them. Phase 2 soon followed when MIG-21s manned by Russian pilots began to fly operational missions in Egypt. Planes and missiles were deployed around Cairo, Alexandria and in the interior of Egypt to bar Israel's jets, which had been carrying on deep-penetration bombing raids to ease pressure on troops along the Suez Canal.

Phase 3 began two weeks ago when older, Soviet-made SA-2s were moved—mostly in secret and at night—with in eleven miles of the west bank of the Suez Canal. Israeli reconnaissance watched them, but no effort was made to bomb them for fear Russian MIGs would respond. In North Viet Nam the

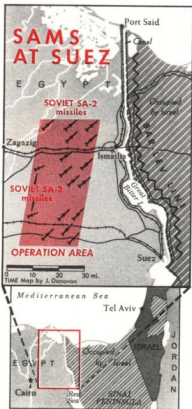
same type of SA-2s had a "kill" rate of less than one success per 1,000 firings. Suddenly they shot down two Phantoms within 30 minutes (the third downed Phantom was apparently hit by anti-aircraft fire), indicating obvious improvements in their radar systems.

In a special televised news conference, Israeli Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev provided specifics. He said 15 batteries of

SA-2s, each with six missile launchers, had been moved to positions ranging from eleven miles to 35 miles west of the canal (see map). Just beyond the SA-2s, and outside the 20-mile swath west of Suez, at least two SA-3 batteries were emplaced. According to Bar-Lev—and Washington intelligence sources agree—both batteries are close enough to protect some of the more exposed SA-2s and restrict Israeli jets. The SA-3s are manned only by Russian crews. But even though Egyptians crew the SA-2s, Bar-Lev claimed that "in every battery we have a few Russian officers who maybe do not push the button, but who make sure the button is not pushed before or after it should be." Bar-Lev was particularly concerned because the SA-2s appeared to be equipped with better acquisition and guidance radar systems than previous models. In addition, the missiles that brought down the Phantoms were fired in a "ripple" or sequence pattern, which can prove devastatingly difficult to evade.

Hannibal at the Gates. In the wake of the Phantom losses, Air Force Commander Mordechai Hod described Egypt's reinforced air defenses as "the Russian fist covered by an Egyptian glove." He warned his men would "choose when to take care of them." Before the week was out, the Israelis claimed the destruction of five SA-2 sites by jet bombers—and if there are "a few" Soviet officers at every battery, the air strikes might very well have killed a dozen or more Russians. In Cairo, however, some Western diplomats expressed doubt that missiles have been moved up to the canal in such numbers, or that Russians are involved to the degree Israelis claim.

Premier Golda Meir was especially upset by this new turn. Said one Israeli politician after meeting with her: "I feel like I've just come from a meet-



ing of the Roman Senate, where the Premier was exclaiming, "Hannibal is at the gates!" At Jerusalem's Hebrew University, where Mrs. Meir received an honorary doctorate in philosophy she said: "Today, and I literally mean today, Israel is facing a struggle more critical than any we have ever had to face before." Her fear and that of her military men, was of a possible Phase 4 in which missiles and MIGs might support an Egyptian assault across the canal and against Israel's Bar-Lev Line.

Strong Support. The U.S. displayed comparable concern and, some observers thought, mounting confusion. Three weeks ago, Secretary of State William Rogers put forward Washington's proposals for a peace settlement. Then two weeks ago, a White House adviser referred during a briefing for newsmen of the need to "expel" Soviet pilots and missilemen from Egypt. A day later, during his TV conversation on Cambodia, President Nixon worked the talk around to the Middle East, and then issued his strongest statement of support for Israel in some time.

In a burst of cold-war rhetoric, the President pointed out the Middle East not only supplied 80% of Europe's oil and 90% of Japan's, but also was "the gateway to the Mediterranean, the hinge of NATO, the gateway through the Suez Canal down into the Indian Ocean." He added, "We recognize that Israel is not desirous of driving any of the other countries into the sea. The other countries do want to drive Israel into the sea." For Arabs, who feel they are the ones being pushed out of Palestine by Israel, Nixon's recitation of the Israeli position was infuriating.

All in all, the White House approach seemed to be undercutting Rogers' peace initiative, either deliberately or accidentally. The State Department insisted gamely that Nixon was actually bolstering Rogers' political initiative. White House statements, said a department spokesman, "were intended as a signal to the Russians and Arabs that they have an opportunity to grasp the Rogers proposals, but that there are also some less attractive alternatives."

Despite apparent readiness to keep the Middle East at boiling point, the Russians are preparing counterproposals to the U.S. peace plan. United Nations Secretary General U Thant last week described them as "concrete and realistic." They are unlikely to be spelled out, however, before Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser leaves Moscow, probably this week, following a lengthy visit with Soviet leaders.

So far, little has leaked out of Nasser's extended discussions with Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Defense Minister Andrei Grechko. But Hassanain Heikal, Egypt's Minister of Guidance and editor of the Cairo newspaper *Al-Ahram*, did provide one anecdote last week after returning home early from the conference. Nasser, wrote Heikal,

opened the first session in the Kremlin by announcing that he had just heard from Cairo that two Israeli Phantoms and two Skyhawks had been shot down. Brezhnev exchanged glances with Grechko, revealing mutual surprise. The two men spoke some words in Russian. Then Brezhnev turned to Nasser and said: "But, my friend, your men shot down more than four planes. Our technicians report that the number of enemy planes you brought down was six." Grechko then produced a map of the Suez front and showed where the Israeli planes were hit. "Your men have carried out a great

action, and this is a fact. I can see no reason for reservation." Both sides, it turned out, were working from faulty intelligence. The final count of planes downed by missiles was two Phantoms.

Some Western diplomats have speculated that Nasser was prolonging his stay in Moscow because the Russians have decided to seek a Middle East cease-fire and are pressuring him to accept one. Another conjecture is that Nasser arrived with a military shopping list. If that is true, and the Russians fill it for him, the electronic summer could be followed by a bloody autumn.

What It's Like To Face Tilm

"I'm familiar with the SA-2s. I fought them a year ago. Only now the quantity and quality have changed." The speaker, a 30-year-old Israeli Air Force major, last week told TIME how the air war around the Suez Canal has changed, and what it feels like to cope with volleys of the lethal Soviet missiles.

THE moment you pass the canal, your blood pressure rises. The tension is there. No doubt about it. It's just like an actor or someone who has to make an important speech. When he gets up in front of his audience, he has butterflies in his stomach, no matter how many times he does it.

This morning when I was over the target, I was pulling the stick to start my bombing run. I saw the thing and evaded. It fell away. I got on target and locked on. Another one came toward me. I pressed my bomb-release button and then evaded the second missile. The bombs dropped, the missile slipped by, the bombs exploded on target, and I moved on home.

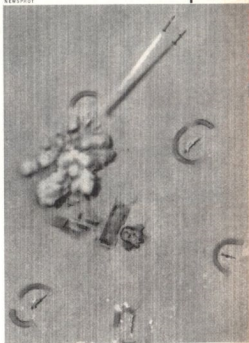
Flying in a sky full of *tilim* [Hebrew for missiles] is like flying in a sky full of enemy planes. A missile is the same as a plane only it's faster—somewhere between two and three Mach (1,520 m.p.h. to 2,280 m.p.h.). Our problem is to fly and to look in all directions at the same time. They fire a lot of those missiles. You have to choose which you think are most dangerous. First you see clouds of smoke and dust on the ground. In the air, the missile is a relatively long body. You get to see it only for a split second. It's a silhouette with an orange-yellow flame on its tail. Your eye is attracted by the flame.

They come at you in a burst, a volley. The moment you dodge the first, you've got to start thinking about the second. And the third. And the fourth. It's like an obstacle course. You're evading all the time. The whole thing is over in about two minutes. But into those two minutes you

seem to compress your whole life.

The missiles cover you at all heights. They can also navigate toward you just like enemy pilots. One thing you can't forget is that there is a quarter of a ton of TNT coming at you. Even if it doesn't hit you, it can get you if it explodes near enough. Even at a distance, you can feel a

NEWSPICT



SA-2 LEAVING ITS PAD

harsh bump, and the entire plane rocks when it explodes.

I don't know, but if things continue the way they are now, it won't be impossible that I may meet a Russian pilot. Actually, it's not necessary for me to know who is up there with me. The MIG is the same and the colors are the same, and I have no special relationship with him. He won't tell me who he is, and I don't have to know.

SOUTHEAST ASIA Apprehensive Allies

Since the U.S. completed its withdrawal from Cambodia in late June, the fighting in Indochina has fallen off drastically. The U.S. death toll for the week ending July 4, for example, was 61, the lowest in 3½ years. The comparative battlefield lull was overshadowed, however, by intense diplomatic activity. As Secretary of State William P. Rogers wound up his 15-day, five-nation Asian tour, he spoke of "further political initiatives that might be taken for peace." These words, combined with other comments by U.S. officials, led the government of President Nguyen Van Thieu to wonder if Washington was thinking of a coalition government for South Viet Nam.

Tension over this critical and highly

fice he came right to the point: "Mr. President, let me make one thing clear. I have never used the words coalition government. We feel that the best way to determine what the people of South Viet Nam want is by the electoral process. We have no intention of imposing a solution." Rogers also brought Thieu a warm personal letter from President Nixon promising \$100 million to improve the housing and rations of South Vietnamese servicemen and noting that Thieu's forces have proved "fully capable of shouldering the tasks of the substantial numbers of men we have withdrawn."

Pacific Power. If Thieu was reassured, other Asian leaders were growing increasingly apprehensive over U.S. intentions. Both Rogers and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird have spoken of accelerated U.S. troop withdrawals from

haps, more than the Thais. Facing a budgetary deficit of \$250 million in 1970, the Bangkok government last week announced that duties and excise rates on more than 200 imported items would be drastically increased, some by as much as 300%. The regime was so worried about the unpopularity of the measure that Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn spent a full hour on TV explaining that Thailand needed more money for arms because of the serious threat on its borders. Thanom indicated that the threat came partly from Thailand's native Communist insurgents, eight of whom were arrested last week. But the gravest danger came, he said, from the spillover of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops to areas of Cambodia near Thailand's frontier. Thus far, however, the Thais have not responded to Cambodia's urgent pleas for troops, not only because of Bangkok's internal economic problems but also because of its uncertainty over how much U.S. aid might be forthcoming to help finance a major effort.



ROGERS (RIGHT) WITH U.S. ENVOY BUNKER & SAIGON OFFICIAL IN VIETNAMESE VILLAGE
Lull on the battlefield, but intense activity on the diplomatic front.

controversial point had been building up for some weeks. As far back as April 20, Richard Nixon, in announcing the withdrawal of an additional 150,000 U.S. troops by April 1971, for the first time in a major policy speech failed to mention free elections in South Viet Nam as a prerequisite for any negotiated settlement. Two weeks ago, Saigon's concern mounted further when Rogers said on the eve of his Asian swing that if the Communists represented 20% of the people in South Viet Nam, they should have 20% of the representation.

For Saigon, the issue was crucial. In an election Thieu, who firmly controls the country's administration, could expect to win handsomely. In an imposed coalition, however, Thieu would be forced to seat several Communist ministers in the Cabinet.

By the time Rogers reached Saigon, the South Vietnamese were so agitated that the Secretary moved immediately to reassure them. Striding into Thieu's of-

fice he came right to the point: "Mr. President, let me make one thing clear. I have never used the words coalition government. We feel that the best way to determine what the people of South Viet Nam want is by the electoral process. We have no intention of imposing a solution." Rogers also brought Thieu a warm personal letter from President Nixon promising \$100 million to improve the housing and rations of South Vietnamese servicemen and noting that Thieu's forces have proved "fully capable of shouldering the tasks of the substantial numbers of men we have withdrawn."

Though Rogers tried to offset the impression created by these announcements by emphasizing that the U.S. was determined to remain a Pacific power, many Asian governments were uneasy. Philippine, Australian and New Zealand officials expressed concern to Rogers over possible U.S. withdrawals from Asia. South Korea and even Japan did not try to conceal their fears that "readjustments" in the U.S. military presence might turn into a dangerous thinning off of U.S. forces.

The prospect of an accompanying decline in U.S. military spending particularly displeased the Asians—none, per-

VIET NAM The Cages of Con Son Island

Con Son is the largest island of an emerald archipelago 50 miles off the coast of South Viet Nam in the South China Sea. Sometimes called Poulo Condore after its Portuguese discoverer, the lush, Manhattan-size territory was made into a penal colony by the French in 1862 and became known as the Devil's Island of Southeast Asia, from which no one returned. But many did, including nearly all the current top leadership of North Viet Nam and several senior South Vietnamese statesmen who served time there under the French.*

Asia is not exactly noted for enlightened penal systems or livable prisons. Yet, thanks in part to several million dollars in U.S. aid, Saigon authorities boast that most of Con Son's 9,500 prisoners now enjoy work in vegetable gardens and craft shops as well as supervised surf bathing. But it was something else that Democratic Congressmen Augustus F. Hawkins of California and William R. Anderson of Tennessee were looking for last week when they visited the island as part of a congressional fact-finding team.

Time Showers. The Congressmen hired as interpreter Don Luce, 35, an American who had spent six years in Viet Nam with organizations such as the Y.M.C.A. and the Boy Scouts. A strong opponent of the war, he has been working for the World Council of Churches since 1967. Luce had detailed information from former inmates on conditions at Con Son, and what he

* Including Hanoi's figurehead President Ton Duc Thang, Premier Pham Van Dong and Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh, head of the Viet Cong delegation to the Paris peace talks. Alumni from Saigon include Phan Khac Suu, chief of state in 1965, and Truong Dinh Dzu, unsuccessful peace candidate in the 1967 presidential elections.



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CELL IN CON SON'S MAXIMUM-SECURITY BLOCK
Maximum security, gruesome mistreatment.

and the Congressmen really wanted to see were the French-built "tiger cages," the maximum-security block where some 400 hard-core political prisoners, including women, were reported suffering gruesome mistreatment.

Despite efforts by their U.S. guide and the South Vietnamese prison commandant to keep them away, the Congressmen found what they were looking for: two low-slung buildings containing 80 windowless cells with bars in the ceilings. Luce and the Congressmen described the cells, each of which held three to five prisoners, as 5 ft. by 9 ft., though U.S. officials insist they are 12 by 15. Buckets of lime lined the catwalk. The commandant claimed they were to whitewash the walls, but the prisoners shouted through the bars that the lime was dumped on them as a disciplinary measure. The prisoners also complained of bad food, insufficient water, frequent beatings and being shackled for days on end.

Back in Saigon, the Congressmen produced statements from five former inmates, all students imprisoned as suspected Communists after antigovernment demonstrations. The students told of being beaten, urinated on from above by guards and fed rice mixed with sand. One of the students said they were so thirsty "we would all urinate in a bucket, then divide it up and drink it," and so hungry they snared lizards and beetles that strayed into their cages and "ate them alive, biting off and sharing pieces." Congressional colleagues of Anderson and Hawkins were not happy about the trip to Con Son, however, and only a few lines on the prison got into the official committee report.

Hanoi's Paris negotiators seized on the accounts and, during negotiations last week, condemned the "penitentiary regime" in Con Son. The Communists did not mention that North Viet Nam has few if any political prisoners be-

cause most enemies are simply exterminated, as at Hué in 1968. In Geneva, the International Commission of Jurists called for an investigation, and Saigon lost little time in sending a ten-man team to the island.

Voracious Ants. Investigators would certainly find South Viet Nam's prisons overcrowded: 32,000 inmates, more than half classified as Communists, are confined in 37 provincial and four national prisons, which certainly need both reforms and improved facilities. They are not likely to conclude, however, that the tiger cages are characteristic of Saigon's entire penal system or even that the Vietnamese have outdone the French. French jailers in Con Son specialized in such techniques as placing red ants in the securely fastened pantaloons of female prisoners or slashing the soles of inmates' feet, pouring alcohol in wounds and setting them aflame.

CHINA

A Small Price to Pay

The old man admitted that he was "very tired," but he walked unassisted across the heavily guarded Lo Wu bridge separating the China mainland from the British colony of Hong Kong. U.S. consular officials were soon en route to welcome the arrival: 79-year-old Bishop James E. Walsh of Baltimore. After twelve years of captivity in a Shanghai prison, the Roman Catholic prelate last week was given his freedom.

At almost the same moment, Peking's New China News Agency announced another American prisoner would not be returning. It said that Hugh Francis Redmond, 50, a businessman from Yonkers, N.Y., had committed suicide three months ago in his Shanghai cell. Redmond, who was serving a life sentence on charges that he had been the "chief American spy" in China, reportedly slashed the veins in his arms and wrists

with a razor blade and died from loss of blood.

Bishop Walsh, a former superior-general of the Maryknoll Fathers, had also been convicted of spying. Before his arrest in 1958, the Communist regime offered several times to send him home. He refused each offer. The risk of imprisonment, he wrote shortly before his arrest, is "a small price to pay for carrying out our duty." Bishop Walsh celebrated his first Mass in 12 years at a Hong Kong hospital where he was taken for rest and a physical examination.

In announcing Walsh's release, Peking cited the bishop's age and ill health, claiming he had "confessed his crimes." Walsh said he had signed no confession. The most likely explanation for Peking's move was to head off bad publicity from one American's death with the release of another.

China is still holding at least four other non-Communist Americans, all captured from planes shot down over Chinese territory (an undetermined number of Americans who worked for the Peking regime but fell into disfavor are also believed to be in Chinese prisons). Civilians John T. Downey and Richard Fecteau were in a plane destroyed over Manchuria during the Korean War, have been in captivity for more than 17 years. Air Force Captain Philip E. Smith was captured while on a reconnaissance mission along the China coast in 1965, and Navy Lieut. Robert J. Flynn was imprisoned after being shot down when his plane strayed across the Chinese border during a combat mission over North Viet Nam in 1967. In addition, Navy Lieut. Joseph Dunn, whose plane was downed off the island of Hainan in 1968, may be a prisoner.



BISHOP WALSH IN HONG KONG HOSPITAL
Unassisted walk to freedom.

SALT: A Sprinkling of Hope

WHEN the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) opened in Vienna in mid-April, the assumption was that the U.S. and Soviet delegations would confer until early July before recessing for the summer. But last week, as they completed their 23rd session, it looked as if the delegates might keep going until late July or early August. The delayed recess buttressed hope that the two sides were making headway in the most important arms-control talks since the onset of the nuclear age.

So far, neither side has submitted a formal proposal that could serve as the basis for a treaty. But two weeks ago, U.S. Delegation Chief Gerard Smith made a flying visit to Washington, where he met with President Nixon. Many observers believe that the U.S. is now preparing just such a formal proposal for a limited agreement.

Possible Proposal. According to informed officials, the U.S. plan will include two main points:

- ▶ A freeze in the number of offensive strategic weapons. The Russians' slight edge in the number of land-based ICBMs (1,240 to 1,054) would be offset by the U.S.'s superiority in strategic bombers (533 to 150). Submarine-borne missiles may be excluded from the proposal unless a method can be found to reconcile the difference between the U.S.'s 41-ship fleet carrying 656 missiles and the Soviets' 40-sub flotilla with 280 missiles.

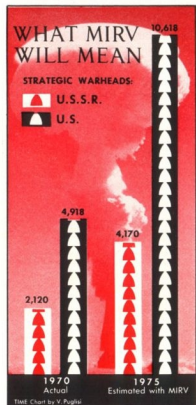
- ▶ A limitation on anti-ballistic missiles. ABMs would be used only to protect "national command centers." Thus the Soviets' ABMs would remain around Moscow, and the U.S. Safeguard system, instead of being built at 14 sites throughout the nation, would be erected only in the Washington vicinity.

If a U.S. proposal is submitted in Vienna, no action beyond a possible agreement in principle is expected until the talks reconvene next fall in Helsinki, site of last winter's preliminary SALT meetings. Both sides have compelling reasons for wanting an early agreement. Just as the Nixon Administration is under pressure to reallocate Government spending, the Soviet leaders would doubtless like to divert money from nuclear arms and into industrial projects that would help snap the Russian economy out of a severe slump.

Best Hope. Even a limited agreement would be a historic achievement. It would at least halt the proliferation of land-based weaponry and drastically reduce the extremely costly outlays for ABMs. A limited agreement, moreover, might be the starting point toward a more comprehensive treaty.

Unfortunately, the advent of a new weapons system complicates the outlook for a broader agreement. Even as the negotiators talked in Vienna, the U.S. was installing Minuteman III and Poseidon missiles that carry formidable MIRVs

(multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles). Composed of a cluster of three or more nuclear warheads that are aimed separately at widely scattered objectives, MIRVs greatly increase the destructive scope of a single missile. They also introduce an extremely difficult factor into SALT. While the U.S. and Soviet Union can effectively check on the number of the other's ICBMs with spy-in-the-sky satellites, these satellites cannot see through a missile's nose cone to count the number of warheads underneath. In view of the Soviets' aversion to on-site inspections, MIRV would become an un-



known and threatening element in the nuclear equation.

One-Sided Rhetoric. Aware of MIRV's potential mischief, the Senate in April overwhelmingly passed a resolution urging President Nixon to propose an immediate moratorium on the testing and deployment of U.S. and Soviet nuclear weaponry. But the Nixon Administration believed that it first had to respond to a huge buildup by the Soviets, who have installed some 784 ICBMs and sub-launched missiles during the past three years. Despite the ominous Soviet buildup, many critics blame Defense Secretary Melvin Laird for having exaggerated the Russian threat compared to U.S. strength.

Laird does not lie, as some of his more violent critics have claimed, but

he sometimes obscures the truth. U.S. intelligence reports have shown that the Soviets during the past eight months have in fact installed only a few one-megaton SS-11 ICBMs and none of the huge SS-9s. At a press conference last week, he made headlines about the continuing Soviet missile threat by speaking of "new starts," "site development" and "momentum." He ducked a question on whether any missiles have been deployed since last November. As if to buttress Laird's case, defense officials two days later said that they had new evidence that the Soviets have resumed work on the SS-9 sites.

In a major address in April, Laird gave the impression that the Soviet missile submarines were beginning to gain seriously on the U.S. He did not mention the more pertinent fact that 33 of the U.S.'s Polaris subs now carry the A-3 missile, each equipped with a triple-warhead MRV (multiple re-entry vehicle, the forerunner of MIRV), whose bombs fall in a pre-selected pattern and cannot be targeted independently. Thus, these 33 U.S. subs alone carry a total of 1,584 warheads against only 280 for the Soviets.

Action-Reaction Cycle. As Secretary of Defense, Laird doubtless feels that he must always assume the worst in terms of a potential enemy's intentions. His approach, while understandable, has serious dangers. By overestimating the Soviet threat, Laird helps create U.S. responses that trigger new efforts from the Russians, who feel compelled to match every American advance. Of course, Laird and his supporters could argue that if the U.S. did not keep ahead, the Soviets would surpass the U.S. in weapons technology. But many American scientists maintain that each successive generation of costly weapons has actually diminished U.S. security.

MIRV may be the ultimate example of the action-reaction cycle. Because MIRV multiplies the number of offensive warheads available to either side (see chart), an attacker could overwhelm an enemy's ABMs, wipe out his ICBMs in their silos, and destroy his cities. In the macabre logic of nuclear war, the obvious countermeasure to MIRV is to tie the firing of ICBMs to a computer, since the time involved between detection and reaction would be too short to allow for human reflection. At the instant radar detected an attacker's incoming missiles, the computer would launch the defender's ICBMs so that they would not be destroyed in the ground. But a short circuit or some other mechanical failure in a computer could set off World War III.

Back in the Bottle. Many American scientists feel that the horrors of MIRV are so great that the U.S. should make a determined effort to stuff the MIRV genie back in the bottle. The system was conceived primarily as a countermeasure to the Soviet ABM. By multiplying the number of warheads, the reasoning went, the U.S. would be able

to penetrate Russian defenses. In addition, MIRV was regarded as a hedge against the huge Soviet SS-9s, which have the punch to destroy Minutemen even in their hardened silos. Laird's critics make the persuasive point that if the Soviets are willing to limit their ABM defenses to Moscow, which seems likely, and to cease SS-9 deployments, the U.S. should be willing to phase out its MIRVs. Since the Russians have test-fired only one rudimentary MRV, a moratorium on further tests would virtually guarantee a halt to further development by Moscow.

Without a test moratorium, the Soviets will probably have three-headed MIRVs ready for their giant SS-9s by 1972. Both sides' land-based missiles would then be vulnerable. In that event, Harvard Professor George Kistiakowsky suggests, the superpowers might agree to abandon land sites altogether in favor of submarine-borne warheads. Then, in order to avoid a new action-reaction cycle that would ultimately render the submarines subject to detection and destruction, Kistiakowsky envisions a ban on further development of antisubmarine warfare. "I know it sounds shocking to say that we must deny ourselves the means of locating enemy subs," he says, "but if we insist on those means the Russians will, too."

Sensible Adjustment. Herbert York of the University of California (San Diego), a former ranking Pentagon official, suggests that no matter what happens at SALT, the U.S. should abandon its land-based missiles and settle for an undersea force of no more than 30 subs. York would also retain about 250 bombers, but he would abandon the ABM. One serious objection to York's plan is that the nation's defense would rest mainly on one weapons system and that if it were destroyed, the country would be virtually helpless. Yet 30 Poseidon subs equipped with MIRVed missiles, as proposed by York, could carry almost 6,000 warheads, which would be sufficient to deter a Soviet attack. Moreover, the number of subs could be increased. The Navy is, in fact, already working on a new weapon called ULMS (undersea long-range missile system) that would fit York's specifications. ULMS subs would carry many more bigger, longer-range missiles. Since the subs could hit Soviet targets from any spot in the world's oceans, their vast area of operation would make them virtually invulnerable to Russian sub hunters.

Military advocates argue that the Kremlin would interpret any reduction in U.S. nuclear weapons as a sign of weakness. But the U.S. could counter such an impression by using part of the savings from a nuclear cutback to increase the efficiency of its conventional forces. In fact, a sensible adjustment of the U.S. nuclear arsenal might help restore faith abroad in the wisdom of American actions while putting the onus on the Soviets to scale down their own nuclear storehouse.

Ulster's Unending Feud

THESE people—they're daft!" said a British Royal Fusilier private, at a Belfast checkpoint. No one from outside the six hate-scarred counties of Northern Ireland could disagree. Two weekends of rioting left a dozen dead, more than 300 wounded and at least 100 buildings destroyed. This week 100,000 Protestants are expected to march throughout the country in parades of the Orange Order, a religious-fraternal society that has been a seedbed of anti-Catholic sentiment for generations. More trouble seems virtually certain.

Canceled Leaves. Ulster has been a volatile quantity ever since King William of Orange's English troops crushed James II's Catholic legions in the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. That victory

the outlawed Irish Republican Army.

At week's end many factories shut for the annual two-week summer vacation, leaving thousands with time on their hands, paychecks in their pockets and nowhere to spend either but Ulster's pubs. All leaves for hospital personnel in main cities were canceled through parade day. Many prisoners were moved from Belfast to jails elsewhere to make way for the expected influx of new inmates. Despite pleas from Westminster and the Ulster government to cancel the 18 parades scheduled throughout the land, the only concession made was to reroute some away from Catholic areas. Catholics, meanwhile, began organizing counterparades.

Bernadette Devlin, 23-year-old Catho-



TROOPS ON RIOT-SCARRED BELFAST STREET
Less a remembrance than a rematch.

established Britain's hegemony over the Emerald Isle, which continues in Northern Ireland even though the South broke away and formed the Republic of Ireland in 1921. The Boyne also set a pattern of religious hostility over which Ulstermen are still ready to spill blood. Though the prolongation of so ancient a feud may be a puzzle to the 1,000,000 Protestants and the 500,000 Catholics, it is the stuff of their everyday lives (see box, following page).

So it is with the Orange Order parades, which often seem less a remembrance of the Boyne than a rematch. Last week in Belfast, 1,500 British soldiers carried out a house-to-house search, collecting 130 pistols, rifles and machine guns, plus 25,000 rounds of ammunition. Young Catholics were said to be getting arms and advice from

licit spifire whose jailing on charges of inciting to riot was the immediate cause of current troubles, was out of action. But there was no lack of troublemakers. Protestant Extremist Ian Paisley and 30 followers demonstrated at England's Canterbury Cathedral, carrying placards that read JESUS SAVES—ROME ENSLAVES. At the cathedral, a Catholic mass was being conducted as an unprecedented ecumenical gesture. Meanwhile, the Republic of Ireland's Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Patrick J. Hillery, slipped quietly across Ulster's border to tour Belfast's battered-down Catholic districts. Though the visit was perfectly legal, Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, branded it "a serious diplomatic discourtesy." The idea, said Hillery with a monumentally inappropriate smile, was just "to relax tensions."

Two Sides of a Troubled Belfast Street

As the Orange Order parades approached, Belfast's two warring tribes prepared for what is not only a national holiday but also an annual excuse—as if any were needed—for mindless bloodshed. In the Protestant working-class areas, houses and store fronts sported Union Jacks, freshly painted shields bearing the upraised Red Hand of Ulster and tacky portraits of "King Billy" of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne. On

DESMOND BALL, a lean, tough machinery repairman who seems older than his 22 years, lives at the Protestant edge of the "peace line." Ball and his wife Maureen, 20, moved into his three-story brick house at No. 78 Percy Street after last summer's riots—when it became available rather suddenly. A gang of Protestant toughs had burst in and given the Catholic family that lived there half an hour to clear out.

From his stoop, Desmond Ball can look across the sandbags and rubble of no man's land to No. 112, the house of his neighbor, Hugh Davey. Ball has never met Davey, a Catholic, and he probably never will. "We've no Catholic friends," he says. "Individually a Catholic can be all right, but as a group, they're dangerous. I'd never turn my back on a Catholic. If we wanted Catholic friends and the word got around the neighborhood, we'd get our windows broken in. People feel that strongly."

Prejudice? "My parents didn't bring me up to be biased or to hate," he protests, "and I wouldn't bring my son Darren up that way. He can pick his own friends. But my father wouldn't let me marry a Catholic, and I'd never let my son marry one."

The trouble, Ball says, started with "these civil rights demands"—namely, one-man, one-vote in Ulster elections, more equitable allocation of housing and jobs, and disbanding of the predominantly Protestant auxiliary police force known as the B-Specials. Now, Ball insists, the Catholics are "hell-bent" on unification with the Irish Republic to the south, which is not only poorer than the North but also Catholic-dominated.

The longer one talks the clearer it becomes that Ulstermen are fighting one another not over the future or even the present but the past. Like many of his friends, Ball has the upraised red hand tattooed on a forearm and is fiercely proud of the sash of his Loyal Orange Order lodge. "It's handed down for generations," he says. "My father belonged, and he handed his sash down to my elder brother." Ball says he would not shrink from the showdown he fully expects—even though "if I was to get shot and die tonight, Maureen would get only an Orange widow's benefit of about ten or 15 pounds."

Ball foresees the tribal hatred going on for years and finally climaxing in civil war. "The Irish army will come in and back up the Catholics; the British army will back us up. In 30 or 40 years, there'll be no Northern Ireland." Actually, though, "nobody's thinking of the future. There's no future to think of." The Catholics are stocking up on arms, he says, "and there's as much over here as there is over there." Ulstermen are dropping their vacation plans this year, Ball says, because "they're afraid they'll come back and find their houses burned or occupied. I wouldn't think of buying a toy for my baby next Christmas. We may not be here—any of us."

the other side of the tommie-patrolled "peace line," the city's Catholic minority disappeared behind closed doors and shutters. Last week TIME Correspondent Lansing Lamont toured both sides of the barbed wire to interview two men who stand on opposite sides of the sectarian barriers. Physically at least, they live no more than 150 yards apart. Spiritually, the distance that separates them seems incalculable.

EVEN more than Ball, Hugh Davey lives in the past—and even though he is 80, Davey has hardly been mellowed by experience. He is a retired pubkeeper who lives with two sisters, one 78 and the other 82, on his government and his old-age pension of \$12 a week. Davey finds Belfast's current agony all too familiar. In 1920, shortly before partition and during the height of "The Troubles" that racked Ireland for several years, he and his sisters were run out of their house on Belfast's Crumlin Road by a Protestant mob. "If it hadn't been for the military then," he recalls, "they'd have burned our furniture on the street." When a new generation of beery young toughs swept down last summer, Davey was well prepared for their advance.

Molotov cocktails and paving stones destroyed 14 Catholic-owned houses on Percy Street, but Davey's was saved by water from the buckets he kept filled and ready in each room. Says Davey: "For three hours it kept up, and we said more prayers in that time than we'd said in a lifetime. We didn't think we'd survive the morning."

Nowadays, Davey does not venture out of his house after 3 p.m. "If the troops were withdrawn," he says, "we wouldn't be here one week. They'd come down and fire-bomb us."

"They" and Davey go back a long way. "Even when I was seven," he recalls, "the Protestants used to put up orange arches over some of the streets. We used to walk through a small brook rather than under those arches." Nevertheless, Davey says he found them "rather nice people, though there was little contact."

Then why all the troubles? Despite "pious platitudes all the time from our leaders," he says, Belfast's Catholics still feel "like second-class citizens." "The ruling Protestants have always had the good jobs. We've always been hewers of wood and drawers of water. If I'd been a Protestant I'd probably have had a better job instead of pulling pints for 27 years."

Davey scoffs at the prevailing Protestant fears that hang over the country, Ireland under Dublin's rule? Davey would not mind a United Ireland "if living standards in the South were as good as they are in the North. But I'd be satisfied to live in Ulster, too." Could the Catholics really outbreed the Protestant majority? "We're still a 2-to-1 minority," he says. "It's like Cassius Clay saying he's afraid of a 17-year-old boy who's never been in the ring before."

Davey concedes that "I haven't had a Protestant in my house since I came to live here in 1958." He probably never will, for he sees no end to the ancient antagonisms—at least not in his lifetime. "It's a tradition," the old pensioner muses. "No, I can't see any way out." Nor, just up the street, on the other side of no man's land, can young Desmond Ball.



DESMOND BALL



HUGH DAVEY

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RUMANIA

Reciprocal Snubs

The weather was damp and cloudy as the Soviet Union's No. 1 soccer fan took his seat in Moscow's Lenin Stadium last week to watch the hometown Torpedoes defeat the Kiev Dynamos, 1 to 0. But as political observers on both sides of the Iron Curtain immediately realized, Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev was also playing a game all his own. Only two days earlier, Brezhnev had abruptly canceled his plans to visit Bucharest for the long-delayed signing of a new Soviet-Rumanian friendship pact, pleading a "catarrhal ailment." His subsequent appearance at the soccer match was designed to expose the respiratory disorder for exactly what it was: a calculated snub to Rumania's independent-minded Communist Party Leader Nicolae Ceausescu.

Strictly Protocol. Brezhnev turned his ceremonial duties over to Premier Aleksei Kosygin. The Rumanians countered by sending out a welcoming delegation headed by Premier Ion Maurer, Kosygin's exact equivalent in government rank but not in real power or party stature. Crowds lining the Soviet Premier's parade route were perhaps one-tenth the size of the ones that welcomed President Nixon to Bucharest last year. Ceausescu stayed away from the formal events, including his own government's official reception and the treaty signing. He entertained Kosygin at one luncheon and spent three hours in private talks with him. As one Bucharest official noted: "We observed protocol as is befitting a sovereign nation."

Sovereignty was indeed the heart of the matter and the chief reason for the fact that the friendship pact, which supersedes a 20-year treaty begun in 1948, remained unsigned for two years. At first the Rumanians held off in protest



A Crisp Commentary on Inflation

It offers a capsulized view of English history done in hues of lavender and mauve, royal purple and blue, yellow and green. On one side are juxtaposed St. George jamming his spear down the throat of a writhing dragon, Britannia ruling the waves, and Queen Elizabeth II wearing a crown, royal robes and a stately stare. On the other are a brooding Shakespeare and a portrayal of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. All this intricate—some would say opulent—artwork is compressed on Britain's new £20-note, which became the largest denomination in the land when issued last week.

As recently as 1943, notes of £1, £100, £500 and £1,000 denominations circulated in Britain. In that year, however, all paper bills were withdrawn because of skillful Nazi forgeries. After

World War II, no notes larger than £10 were reissued. The new note, worth \$48 in U.S. currency, is considered by some Britons to be a crisp commentary on the country's inflationary drift. A letter writer to the *Times* of London had a more critical view. "The distinctive features of the new £20 bank note," he said, "are: A) a promise by the Bank of England which is not worth the paper it is written on; B) a Saint recently banished from the Canonical Calendar for lack of historic authenticity; C) a heraldic female symbolic of a bygone naval and colonial supremacy; and D) a Shakespeare play about civil riots, juvenile delinquency and fornication with a girl below the age of legal consent. Is it really fair, sir, to associate Her Majesty's portrait with such a pack-age of unfortunate implications?"

against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Later it was the Soviets who delayed, partly to express their displeasure over Nixon's visit but more importantly to try to persuade the Rumanians to accept a new paragraph recognizing the Brezhnev Doctrine, which justifies Soviet intervention anywhere in the "socialist commonwealth." Ceausescu rightly saw the doctrine as a threat to his foreign policy of "active coexistence" with both friends and enemies of the Kremlin, and adamantly refused to agree to it.

The treaty provides that the Rumanians will aid the Soviet Union in the event of "an armed attack by a state or group of states." Tass, the official Soviet news organization, insists that this would obligate Rumania to help defend against any Chinese attack on Russia; the Rumanians, who have remained determinedly neutral in the Sino-Soviet struggle, point out that the preamble of the treaty limits military obligations to the area covered by the Warsaw Pact—which does not extend beyond Eastern Europe.

How to Swim. Though the signing removed a standing source of friction between the two nations, plenty of others remain. The Rumanians and Soviets are currently holding bilateral trade negotiations and are scheduled shortly to

open meetings aimed at setting goals for COMECON, the Communist equivalent of the Common Market, which will coincide with a new Five-Year Plan in Russia. In the past, Moscow has sought to keep Rumania's economic guy wires anchored firmly in Russia; Bucharest has resisted, arguing that the Russians were trying to keep Rumania as the vegetable patch of Eastern Europe and prevent it from industrializing. Similarly, Rumania refused to join the Soviet-sponsored International Investment Bank, which was founded in Moscow last week; every other Warsaw Pact country is a member. Despite such demonstrations of nonconformity, Bucharest is still closely tied to Moscow economically and needs Soviet help to develop Rumania's industry.

When Ceausescu visited Moscow at the height of last spring's calamitous Danube River floods, it was widely assumed that the Soviets offered him aid on the condition that he modify his irritatingly independent stance. Ceausescu held fast, even though flood damage may exceed \$500 million, and Soviet relief has been virtually nil. As a current joke in Bucharest has it, "After the flood, China sent \$20 million worth of aid, America sent \$10 million, and the Soviet Union sent 5,000 pamphlets on 'How to Swim.'"



KOSYGIN & CEĂUȘESCU IN BUCHAREST
Question of sovereignty.

WE ARE NOT AMUSED—AND WHY

THE physician and comedian Jonathan Miller once pooled his two professional skills to describe the symptoms of a rare disease called cataplexy. Its victims are physically unable to laugh, though they desperately want to. "As they are about to laugh," Dr. Miller explained, "they are seized by a total paralysis and they slither helpless to the floor." The paralysis ends only when the impulse to laugh leaves them: the price of health is absolute sobriety.

Cataplexy—a sadistic punishment that might have been designed for the ninth circle of Dante's hell—threatens to become a metaphor for the condition of humor in the 1970s. At the moment, the silent absence of laughter is deaf-

ening, though the will to laugh is agonizingly there. Where are the wits of yesterday? The game is a humiliation to play. When Miller wrote about cataplexy—almost ten years ago—he and his fellow Beyond the Fringers were about to bring their antic anti-establishmentarianism to Broadway. Mike Nichols and Elaine May were catching with awful perfection the voice of the emancipated middle class talking to a wordy death just about everything, including sex. If nothing else, TV offered the elaborate spoofs of Sid Caesar's *Show of Shows*, Mort Sahl, carrying a rolled-up newspaper like a blunt weapon, had set almost academic standards for the stand-up comedian as social critic. Lenny Bruce, salvationist *manqué*, was preaching his credo of holy scatology and apocalyptic, "trying to panic

people into laughing," as Sahl put it.

Humor was not just funny; it was seriously funny in those days. Tragedy was dead—everybody accepted that. But comedy was managing double duty, in plays like Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, Eugene Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*, even Edward Albee's *Who's Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Audiences laughed until quite literally they cried. In fiction, the selling phrase was "black humor." Some of the best books of the '60s came out ghostly-funny, as if novelists were facing nuclear-age madness, crossed eyeballs to crossed eyeballs: Terry Southern in his underrated little masterpiece *The Magic Christian*, John Barth in *The Sot-Weed Factor*, Kurt Vonnegut Jr. in *Mother Night*, Saul Bellow in *Herzog*.

Yet the early '60s already seem another world. Somewhere along the line, the theater of the absurd turned into the theater of cruelty, homosexuality became the matinee audience's concept of the in-joke, and Neil Simon went for meaning in the third act. The Beatles ran out of put-ons, and John Lennon took to bed. In accordance with Aubrey's Law, sitchcom has swamped or drowned television's handful of comic talents. *Some Like It Hot* shuddered into *M*A*S*H*, and the situation of cinematic comedy became a question of semantics. Debating topic: Is *Catch-22* a "funny" film or a demonstration of cataplexy all by itself?

Where are the wits of yesterday? Dead. Silent or badly sobered, like Peter De Vries, punster turned grim predestinarian. What has sprung up to replace them? No *New Faces of 1970* to compare. Even in public life, the last bastion of solemnity, there was the Yankee salute of John Kennedy and the bonbon mots of Adlai Stevenson. What are today's options? The wit of Richard Nixon and the epigrams of Martha Mitchell? Construction workers waving their flags, Women's Liberationists waving their bras—these threaten to become the unsmiling public faces of the '70s.

Still another crisis, then, the crisis of humor. And with a knee-jerk reflex, everybody as usual looks to the young. But Babbitt's automatic smile seems to have been replaced by Babbitt III's automatic scowl. Not to smile is the new integrity, a revolutionary's duty. The only saints of youth-cult comedy, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, are second class—Ritz Brothers rather than Marx Brothers. One hears, far away, the flapping pages of *Mud* magazine, underground head comics, and the solitary giggles of the stoned. Little more.

We do not laugh. None of us—the young, the old, the middle-aged. We are failing as an audience in a kind of conspiracy with the failure of the should-be laughmakers. History, horrible history is everyone's excuse. The man in baggy pants slipping on a banana peel keeps turning into a soldier tripping on a land mine in Viet Nam. "Who can laugh at a time like this?" cry the square, the hip and all the in-betweens, in what may be the only chorus of national consensus.

But history has always been rather horrible, and Americans, almost as a point of pride, have always managed to laugh. The Civil War was a veritable source book of jokes. Depressions have conspicuously doubled up victims with laughter as well as hunger pangs. In the good times, one laughed from pleasure. In the bad times, one laughed even harder, from necessity. Anxiety, Freud theorized, bears a causal rela-

tionship to humor. But if a joke is a scream for help, why aren't we screaming all the time? Why, then, have we turned cataplexic?

Hold the funeral. Perhaps old Dr. Sigmond has given us the clue. Is it possible that humor is not dead—merely that a particular kind of humor has died, along with the particular kind of anxiety that made it necessary? May not the diagnosis of our cataplexy be that American history has produced a new kind of anxiety—without yet producing a new kind of humor to relieve it?

There will be a short pause while we all shift comics.

Lord knows, the old kind of anxiety was around long enough. The country's friendly curse: puritanism. Hard work, optimism, an improbably chaste heart—and no time off from good behavior. What wildly unreasonable demands the old national code of idealism put upon us all! "The line is thinly drawn," James Thurber calculated, "between American comedy and American insanity"—meaning that three centuries of puritans just about made it to their favorite escape hatch.

American humor in its traditional forms—the wisecrack, the tall tale, the deadpan jape, the shaggy-dog story—has both resisted the official puritanism and made it all possible. For more than two centuries, from that subversive puritan Ben Franklin to the wryly theological Charles Schulz, the nation's humorists have operated as a tolerated underground culture. They have conspired to create a fantasy world where good Americans could be as shiftless as Charlie Chaplin's tramp, as cynical as W.C. Fields never-giving-a-sucker-an-even-break, as lecherous as Groucho Marx prowling a bedroom. American humorists, in other words, have kept American puritans sane and alive.

Now other and more direct therapies have been adopted. The ex-puritans are letting it all hang out. Sex has become a compulsory part of the American foot-race for happiness. There goes the rationale of the dirty joke—not to mention just about every other joke that originates in repression. Since *Oh! Calcutta!*, voyeurism has become something one buys tickets for. And instead of mak-

PICTORIAL PARADE



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

BILL ROGERS—FORTUNE



JERRY RUBIN

ing a wisecrack against the system, one now throws a brick through the window of the Bank of America. Who needs laughs when everybody is doing his thing? Like a patient who has just finished analysis, the emancipated (at last!) American is inclined to regard his lack of humor as evidence of strength. Laughs are just wiggles in the corsets of the uptight, he thinks.

The fact is, however, that he may not be as emancipated as he believes. Enter, quietly, the new anxiety that dares not breathe its name. The reverse puritan takes his pleasure as aggressively as he once took his work. Having fun has become his new duty. "Feel!" has become the new moral imperative. The original puritan denied the feelings he had. The reverse puritan boasts of feelings he does not have, writing rubber checks on love in capital letters. Captive to a new perfectionism, he flagellates himself equally for his marginal failures at orgasm and for his secret indifference toward minorities, for relating badly to his children and for not relating at all to the children of Pakistan. He has chucked sin but taken on cosmic guilt, including the ultimate guilt: feeling guilty about not feeling more guilty.

Help wanted: a '70s version of humorist to save the '70s version of prig. This once and future humorist may already be present. Imprisoned inside every prig, a comedian is signaling wildly to get out. And that, finally, is the metaphor of cataplexy. Humor is civil war, even to the point of paralysis, between the part of man who wants to play God and the part of man who knows a real God when he sees one—and he is not that pompous character staring back from the mirror with egg stains on his shirt and his fly half-zipped, asking "What's so funny?"

The prig builds reverent statues to himself. The comedian—if he can break out—crayons mustaches on them to save the prig from his own miscasting. What makes the '70s no laughing matter is this: without comedians to deter them, little prigs tend to grow into big fanatics. Bombs being what they are nowadays, a custard pie in the face of a few prigs is a cheap price for civilization to pay. Bombs and bomb throwers we've got. But where are the pies? Where are those pie throwers? They'll come in their own time and their own guise. Not even Herman Kahn would dare to predict the details—it is the nature of subversives to surprise. All we can do is wait and prepare to forgive them for the shock treatments they will provide us. Bring on those '70s clowns. A touch of madness may save us from the real thing.

■ Melvin Maddocks

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PEOPLE

Never before in memory had so many notables with White House connections assembled under the same roof. Among the guests at the Women's National Press Club's 50th anniversary dinner at Washington's Shoreham Hotel: **Mamie Doud Eisenhower**, 73; **Mrs. Charles S. Robb**, 26, elder daughter of Lyndon Johnson; **Teddy and Joan Kennedy**; **Mrs. James A. Halsted**, 64, only daughter of Franklin D. Roosevelt; **Mrs. Richard T. Brigham** (Peggy-Ann Hoover), 44, Herbert's granddaughter. Also **Alice Roosevelt Longworth**, 86, Theodore's daughter—and **Pat Nixon**, who showed up with husband and family.

Off for a month's vacation from the attentions of Rome's *paparazzi* went **Sophia Loren**, 35, with her husband, Italian Film Producer **Carlo Ponti**, and their 18-month-old son Cheepy (C.P. Jr.). On the well-guarded Adriatic island of Yugoslavia's President Tito, a longtime Loren friend, photographers will be no problem—though Cheepy's language may cause some international complications. Since his father speaks to him only in Italian, his mother in English and his nursemaid in German, the youngest Ponti communicates in a linguistic potpourri ("*Morgen acqua okay*"—"This morning the water is fine").

Who was the lady hiding her face behind a large black carpetbag? It was none other than **Katharine Hepburn**, 60, playing hooky from her star role in *Coco* to catch her good friend **Lauren Bacall**, 45, in *Applause*—and visibly annoyed when Manhattan's press photographers spoiled her getaway act. When one especially persistent reporter tracked her quarry all the way home, she got



HEPBURN ESCAPING
Face in a carpetbag.

more than a picture. "Get away from me, you little brat," hissed Katie, "or I'll punch you in the face."

The scene required the leading man to enter a boudoir where Actress **Karen Black**, 27, reclined in a costume consisting of nothing but makeup. Absolutely not, said **Johnny Cash**, 38, Nashville's country-and-western singer, in Hollywood for his first starring film role in *A Gunfight*. "How could I do that and then record an album of hymns?" he demanded. To spare Johnny that moral crisis, Karen's topography was concealed.

"It's hard to stay married 50 years, especially in Hollywood," said the bride, 75. Indeed, a golden anniversary is such



JOHN & MARY FORD
Silence is golden.

a rare event that a sizable if elderly contingent of the film colony—among them **John Wayne**, 63, and **Pat O'Brien**, 70—were there to hear Film Director **John Ford**, 75, and his **Mary** repeat the solemn vows that they first uttered half a century ago. What's the secret? Said John: "Keeping your mouth shut." Said Mary: "Don't believe anything you hear and don't believe anything you see."

Beneath eagle feathers grinned the Crow Indians' new pipe carrier—better known as U.S. Secretary of the Interior **Walter Hickel**. The outspoken Cabinet member stopped off at the Crow reservation in Montana's Bighorn mountain area to be inducted into the tribe. The title is only honorary; the Crows' real pipe carrier is Henry Old Coyote, whose brother, Barney Old Coyote, translated the proceedings, which were



HICKEL & INDIAN FRIEND
Crow in eagle feathers.

conducted in Crow. Responded Conservationist Hickel, using the white man's tongue: "You have learned to live with nature without abusing her."

At one of **Lenny Bernstein's** parties, the face in the crowd looked very familiar. Where had he seen that dark beauty before? **Peter Diamond**, director of the Edinburgh International Festival and a man notorious among his friends for forgetting names, decided on the classic male approach. "Excuse me," he said, "but I think I know you. Haven't we met before?" A look of utter incredulity swept over the features that are engraved on the minds of millions of male moviegoers. "The name," came the reply, "is Elizabeth Taylor."

Since 1944, when F.D.R. ran for a fourth term, **Frank Sinatra** has loyally come to the aid of his party. Among those his voice has coaxed funds for are Jack Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, and in 1966, California Governor Pat Brown. Now, says Sinatra, he will sing for Republican **Ronald Reagan**, up for re-election next fall. Said the singer-actor with a straight face: "It is my duty as a citizen to put aside partisan considerations when I think the other party's candidate is clearly the outstanding candidate."

As the world's greatest soccer player, Brazil's national hero and one of the highest-paid professional athletes (\$152,000 in salary), **Pelé** could afford to be magnanimous. He would be happy, he said, to lend some parts of his uniform to an upcoming soccer exhibit in London. On second thought, though, no sense in taking chances with garments of such inestimable symbolic value. **Pelé** insisted they would have to insure them for \$300,000.

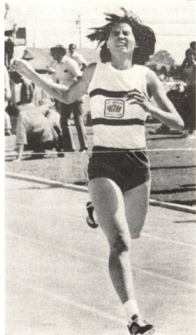
The Taiwan Flash

Like any proper girl from Taiwan, Chi Cheng spent much of her trip to Rome for the 1960 Olympics carrying the baggage of male athletes. "It was my first time out of the country," she says, "and I was in shock. I had never seen Westerners before, or Negroes or television or Coca-Cola or eyes different from mine." Everything was so new and strange, in fact, that the prospect of running against Caucasian girls embarrassed her. She finished last in her qualifying heat in the 80-meter hurdles.

Now 26 and a senior at California State Polytechnic College, Chi Cheng has adapted to the West. She likes supermarkets. She digs rock music. And when she runs, only her competitors are embarrassed. Undeclared so far this season, she has established herself as the world's foremost female track star. At the National A.A.U. Championships in Los Angeles, she ran the 220-yd. dash in 22.6 sec., besting her own world record by one-tenth of a second. Last month the muscular (5 ft. 7½ in., 136 lb.) Chi set a world record of 10 sec. flat in the 100-yd. dash. Having posted the season's best marks in four different events, Chi finds it hard to specialize her training. "Hurdles are supposed to be her best event," says her coach, Vince Reel. "But I could be wrong. In fact, she is so close to world-record times in so many events we wouldn't want to make a mistake."

Month of Parades. A shy, giggling girl off the track, Chi likes to work herself into a cold fury at race time. She does it by arguing with herself: "You are no good. Yes, I'm good. Ah, then go and suffer." Back in her home town of Hsin-chu, where she regularly beat the boys in races at school, Chi had none of the Western competitive drive. That she learned from Reel, who discovered her in 1962 when the State Department sent him to Taiwan to coach the Nationalist Chinese team for the Asian Games. Through Reel's intercession, the Taiwanese government agreed to send Chi to the U.S. to train in 1963. Five years later, she finished third in the 80-meter hurdles in Mexico City, thus becoming the only Asian woman to win a medal in an Olympic track event that year. "They had a parade for me in Taiwan every day for over a month," she says. "It was so wonderful. I didn't even mind the firecrackers."

Though some of her U.S. friends have suggested that she become an American citizen, Chi stoutly declares: "My skin is Chinese. My eyes are Chinese. My heart runs only for the Chinese." An A student in physical education, she plans to return to Taiwan to coach track after a year or two of graduate study. She says that she would like to impart the "religious feeling" of running. "I have reached the



CHI WINNING 440-YD. DASH
Guess who's embarrassed now?

point," she says, "where if I lose a race, I figure God doesn't want me to win. So I pray to him, saying 'God, whatever I've done, please forgive me.' If I should win, well, I guess he wanted me to win." Considering her record, somebody up there obviously likes Chi Cheng.

The Trans-Am Donnybrook

In most auto races, the competing cars have about as much in common with the family flivver as an Apollo spacecraft has with a Piper Cub. Not in the Trans-American Championship for sports sedans. Commonly known as the Trans-Am, the competition is limited to genuine stock cars; the rules restrict engine size to 305 cu. in. and require that at least 250 identical models be in general distribution. The result is what Tracy Bird, executive director of the sponsoring Sports Car Club of America, calls "product identity," a sense of involvement that has drawn more than 650,000 enthusiasts to the Trans-Am since it was started four years ago. "Every guy who owns a Mustang," explains Bird, "loves to hear that one won. It vindicates his choice. And the Camaro owner can hardly wait until the next race when Mustang gets clobbered."

Detroit's automakers are only too well aware of the sales potential. Before a race, local dealers stage long parades of their latest models. Hospitality tents are set up. And salesmen dressed in the colors of the racing cars are everywhere passing out brochures. Noth-

ing, though, sells like a winner. As one San Francisco Ford dealer puts it: "What a wedge to close a deal! When a salesman gets a performance-oriented buyer—and you'd be surprised how many there are—whammo!"

No Gimmicks. Determined to gain a larger share of the muscle-car market, Chrysler entered its brand-new Dodge Challenger in the Trans-Am for the first time this year, along with a redesigned Plymouth Barracuda. American Motors convinced Mark Donohue and Roger Penske, Trans-Am champions for the past two years in Chevrolet Camaros, to switch to its Javelins in a deal that will earn the pair a reported \$3,000,000 over the next three years. General Motors countered by appointing Jim Hall, designer and driver of the innovative Chaparrals to head its Camaro team, while Driver Jerry Titus is pushing a second G.M. hopeful: a radically modified Pontiac Firebird. For its part, Ford has put Drivers George Follmer and Parnelli Jones behind the wheels of its Boss Mustangs.

The beneficent backing by the manufacturers is not the only reason that the Trans-Am attracts the U.S.'s best drivers. "We race at Indianapolis and other road races," explains Penske, "but the Trans-Am is the series we love the best. Everyone has the same type and size V-8 engine. We all weigh the same. No gimmicks, just good hard racing with near-equal cars."

Little Solace. In the first of the 13 races in the 1970 Trans-Am circuit, six different makes of cars were among the top seven finishers. Mustang roared off to an early lead by copping the first four races, then lost out to Donohue's red, white and blue Javelin. That set the stage for race No. 6 last week at the aptly named Donnybrook Speedway in Brainerd, Minn. In the hardest fought contest so far this season, Follmer's Mustang and Milt Minter's Camaro waged a torrid battle for the lead. Growling into the final turn, Follmer tried to charge past Minter on the outside; the cars bumped, Follmer skidded off the pavement, spun in a complete circle and then finished 15 seconds behind Minter. Afterward, Follmer bled his way into the winner's circle and took a couple of wild swings at Minter before he was restrained by police.

Race officials disallowed Follmer's protest that Minter had deliberately bumped his car three times in the final laps. They fined the Mustang driver \$100 for "unsportsmanlike conduct." Said Minter: "At first I thought George was coming out to shake my hand, but when I saw his eyes—he was hysterical!" The point tally as of last week—Mustang, 48, Camaro, 26, Javelin, 25, Challenger, 7, Barracuda, 5—held little solace for Follmer. Last year Mustang won four of the first five races and still lost out to Camaro. With seven encounters still ahead, the real hysteria of the 1970 Trans-Am is yet to come.

ENVIRONMENT

Pacem in Maribus

Within the next decade, food production from the seas should quadruple. By 1980, deep wells in the seabeds may supply more than a third of the world's oil. Some day the oceans will provide most of man's metals. Yet all this raises troubling questions: How can the coming rush to grab the watery wealth be controlled? To whom do the oceans' riches legally belong? Most important, can the seas be developed peacefully?

Seeking answers to such problems, the Santa Barbara-based Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions recently sponsored an international conference in Malta. Appropriately named *Pacem in Maribus* (Peace in the Oceans), it drew 250 delegates from 45 nations. As the conferees headed home last week, TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn called his report:

Serenely set on a hilltop in the village of San Anton, the deluxe Corinthia Palace Hotel is four miles inland from the Mediterranean. Still, the scene within the hotel's gleaming white walls was as diverse as any beneath that calm, bright sea. Delegates scampered through the hotel lobby in bathing trunks just in time to change for the morning sessions. Thomas Mann's erudite daughter, Elisabeth Mann Borgese, who originated the conference, chatted with Cameroon's U.N. Minister Paul Bamela Ego, resplendent in red fez and flowing blue robe. Justice William O. Douglas, chairman of the conference, strolled through the bar with his miniskirted blonde wife in tow. The place was jammed with students in open-

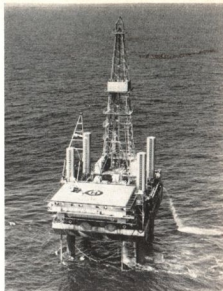
toed sandals, bearded scientists, well-tailored businessmen, lawyers and politicians. A star of the meeting turned out to be Arvid Pardo, a sort of superdiplomat who serves as Malta's delegate to the U.N. and the Maltese Ambassador to Washington and Moscow. Three years ago, Pardo introduced a U.N. resolution calling for an international authority to administer the oceans and ensure that the seabeds would be used for peaceful purposes. Result: appointment of a permanent U.N. Seabed Committee.

Buoyant Gesture. One of the main subjects of conversation was a similar proposal by President Nixon. On May 23, he called for an international treaty that would renounce all national claims to ocean resources below a depth of 200 meters (218.8 yards). This marine wealth, he said, should be treated as "the common heritage of mankind." He proposed that individual nations be named by an international agency to act as trustees of the riches. Royalties from exploitation of the oceans' resources should be paid to the international agency, which in turn could use the income for economic assistance to developing nations.

Though Nixon's plan was a buoyant—and unprecedented—gesture by a major world power, it came in for surprisingly heavy criticism at the Malta conference. Third World delegates heard ominous colonial overtones in the term trusteeship. Britain's Lord Ritchie-Calder wanted faster action to keep the arms race out of the seabed. It is now so easy to detect land-based military sites, he said, that the big powers will soon look to the "opaque depths of the seas" for concealment.

Last Frontier. Dour environmentalists with dire predictions also had their say. Some argued that the oceans will be as "dead" as Lake Erie by the end of the century unless remedial action on an international scale is taken to halt pollution. If present trends to use the Mediterranean as the ultimate receptacle of noxious waste continue, Arvid Pardo said, its fishing industry will disappear in a few years. Swedish Ecologist Bengt Lundholm reported that only 14% of Italy's seacoast is now free of pollution. Dr. Jerold M. Lowenstein, a physician specializing in nuclear medicine, warned that radioactive wastes from an ever increasing number of nuclear power plants might endanger all life in and around the oceans.

"It's nonsense to talk about halting nuclear-energy production," said Joachim Joseph, a bearded German who works with the U.N. International Atomic Energy Agency. Chiding the ecology-minded for naiveté, he continued: "Let's remember that if we are to expect governments to spend money to prevent pollution, we must be practical and realistic. Do you think you can get governments interested in constructive ac-



OIL DRILLING RIG IN NORTH SEA
A common heritage.

tion by just holding up a dead seabird?"

The pessimism of the ecologists was tempered by a rosy view of the oceans' potential. Scientist John P. Craven, lately of M.I.T., predicted that there will be airports floating on the seas by 1980, "and eventually these airports would become cities that would summer off Cape Cod and winter off Florida." Pardo went one step farther: "In future generations, a big percentage of the world's population will live in cities under the seas."

The conference reached no formal decisions, but as it ended, there was an air of optimism that somehow an international agency would be devised to monitor the exploitation of all that underwater wealth. Pardo predicted that the U.N. would start setting up such a regime next year, though he conceded that a binding treaty could not be completed until 1973 at the earliest. Other delegates thought that an independent agency could do the job more efficiently than the bureaucracy-ridden U.N. Lord Ritchie-Calder lik-



SEAWEED HARVEST IN JAPAN
With floating airports . . .



MANGANESE ON OCEAN FLOOR
. . . and cities under the seas.

ended the process to "the opening up of the last frontier. First, adventurers go into virgin territories to stake their claims and ~~repel~~ interlopers," he said. "Then the federal marshal comes along to represent the law, followed by the elected sheriff and a regime of law and order." What the sunnanned conferees took home with them was a conviction that the law of the sea urgently needs a speedy updating.

Do Cities Really Need Dogs?

The dog may well be urban man's worst friend. The beast in the city jungle chews children, attacks joggers and howls into the night in a cramped apartment that makes it neurotic. When it does get out—twice a day, if its master can manage—it turns street and sidewalk alike into messy booby traps for pedestrians. The brassy blonde in the film *Midnight Cowboy* said it all when she coaxed her top poodle: "Do it for mama."

In cities throughout the world, dogs are fast becoming the most obnoxious minority group. There are 280,000 of them in Tokyo, 300,000 in Los Angeles, 500,000 in New York City, 700,000 in London, and more than a million in Mexico City (including strays). And they are all "doing it"—on sidewalks and park lawns, against fire hydrants and defenseless city tree trunks. In Manhattan recently, one proud brownstone owner was on his knees watering his few flowers when he suddenly felt his bald pate being used as a fire hydrant. When he leaped up snarling at the dog, its owner whipped out a police badge and threatened to arrest him for disorderly conduct.

Innocent Victims. The trouble is that cities are full of lonely people who rely on dogs as substitute friends, spouses and children. Many a furnished room

contains a small human and a huge Great Dane or similar beast. Some homosexuals use exotic breeds as props for pickups. In Manhattan's Riverside Park, one eccentric spinster used to talk incessantly to her aged dachshund while wheeling it about in a baby carriage. An indignant father once tried to embarrass her by having his toddler wear a dog muzzle, to no avail.

Beyond all that, city dogs are supposed to repel burglars and muggers; high-crime areas now teem with Doberman pinschers and German shepherds. But who protects the innocent from the protectors? Last year Tokyo recorded about 5,000 complaints of dog bites from newsboys, mailmen, salesmen and bill collectors. New York's bite toll hit 25,000. Britons are so worried about rabies that they have barred all dogs and cats from entering the country. The isolation period for the pets now in quarantine under old laws has been extended from six months to a year. Rabies is an even worse worry in Lima, Peru, which has as many dogs as it has people. Americans may soon face another problem. A new boom in "attack dogs" is creating protectors trained (for as much as \$4,000) to maim or kill marauders, but there are already cases of robbers using their own dogs to subdue victims.

Filth City. The most docile dogs irk city dwellers by tripping strollers with long leashes, muddying lobbies, preempting elevators and perpetually sniffing people. Dogs can give humans tuberculosis, create allergies and cause assorted eye and intestinal infections. New York *Post* Columnist Pete Hamill, a relentless dog biter, speaks for many in labeling his town "Filth City." As he puts it: "Nobody can tell me that all those piles left around the streets are good for us, no matter how many burglars are scared off when the dogs are home."

The prime offenders, of course, are not so much the dogs as their owners. Cities abound with curb-your-dog signs; those near Manhattan's U.N. building deliver the message in four languages. But who heeds them? Owners know that cops are often too busy even to enforce the laws requiring leashes.

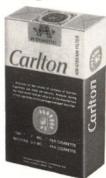
Final Solution. As a result, health experts are pondering the rising role of dogs as a serious sanitation problem. Dr. Jeroham Asedo, chief veterinarian for the New York City Health Department, says that dog feces contain "spores, eggs of worms and other disease matter." When rain cleanses the streets, he says, such wastes swell "the flow of untreated sewage into our streams and waterways."

What can be done? New York, for example, is so infested with dogs that Environmental Protection Administrator Jerome Kretschmer has listed as one of his priorities ridding the streets of their excrement. *Post* Columnist Hamill, who urges the city to ban all big dogs, offers an even more practical idea. If strict licensing fails to curb canines, Hamill's final solution is to begin shooting them.

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OWNERS & PETS IN MANHATTAN
"Do it for mama."

MODERN LIVING

Filling the Gaps

Motorists approaching an entrance ramp along Massachusetts' well-traveled Route 128 recently were pleasantly surprised at the ease with which they could enter the expressway. Instead of the usual pile-up along the ramp, car after car moved effortlessly into the mainstream of traffic. Drivers barely glanced back to look for an opening. They did not have to. Like the flashlight of a theater usher, moving green lights at the edge of the ramp led them surely and safely up and out onto the highway.

The guidance system that performed this small miracle was developed by Raytheon and is being tested by the U.S. Department of Transportation. It consists of a computer, guidance lights, three traffic lights and magnetic sensing loops embedded in the outside lane of the freeway and in the entrance ramp. As cars move over the sensors, the computer learns how many are on the ramp and whether there are gaps available for them on the highway. When a space shows up, the computer begins lighting the string of green lights in sequence at the proper speed, producing a pacing light that moves up the ramp. The motorist need only follow the pacer light by about a car length; theoretically he will then reach the freeway in time to swing into the space allotted him. If no gaps are available, cars are stopped up to 15 seconds at one of the three traffic lights while the computer "looks" for an opening. Should there still be no space, a merge-with-caution sign advises the motorist to proceed on his own.

Unbelievably Successful. The system still has its own gaps. For example, a motorist who refuses or is unable to follow the pacer lights can frustrate the computer, which tries frantically to backtrack and pick up his car again. A second phase of the testing will involve a less complex arrangement of moving bands of green and white light on an electronic railing along the ramp; a driver who cannot or will not keep abreast of a green band (programmed, like the pacer lights, to deliver him to a predetermined slot in highway traffic) can either fall back and pick up another, catch up with one ahead or ignore the bands completely and go it alone.

Although the completed guidance system will not be ready for widespread installation for at least five years, those who kept pace with the pacers deemed the experiment unbelievably successful. "It is incredible," marveled Woburn Supermarket Checker Jeannette Gillis. "When you pull out, there isn't a car there." Most motorists, in fact, like Bilerica Store Manager Bob Gaughan, found the system almost suspiciously painless. "I still had a tendency," Gaughan remembers, "to turn around and look at the oncoming traffic. Just to make sure."

Château Menagerie

Which of the following rates after the Eiffel Tower and Orly Airport as France's biggest tourist attraction?

A. The Louvre

B. Versailles

C. The Château de Thoiry

The correct answer is C, a fact that is sure to dumbfound anyone who visited the museum-like Château de Thoiry prior to 1967—or before the historic building became the center of what must be the most unusual animal farm in the Western world.

It all started as a save-a-castle plan. Built in the 16th century in the lush lowlands 30 miles west of Paris, the château has long claimed a treasury of

worked: in 1967, the number of visitors rose to 100,000.

Next came the creation of a wild-game preserve. Wire fences were set up to isolate the 51 lions and a pack of hyenas. Other, less aggressive animals—ostriches, rhinoceroses, elephants and zebras—were simply set loose to live together.

As the number of visitors increased, so did the innovations. A vivarium housing a host of giant spiders and a reptile collection (starring an 80-year-old alligator) was built in the vaulted château cellars; a special baby animal zoo usurped one corner of the grounds; 280 monkeys, brought all the way from Southeast Asia, were set loose and swinging in the 15 acres of beech, oak and hickory trees. Parking facilities were established, as well as a restaurant, picnic area, gas station and that necessary adjunct to the tourist trade, a photo and souvenir shop.



LIONS ON CAR AT THOIRY
Reserves lost and made.

priceless furniture, rare tapestries and a collection of 60,000 documents and letters from kings, ministers and literary figures. Chopin's piano—a gift from George Sand—graced the gilded music room; the original manuscripts of two unpublished Chopin waltzes were discovered in a linen closet.

Gamy Strategy. None of this, however, kept the mighty roof from leaking, helped wash the 10,000 windowpanes, or prevented the spacious garden from going to weed. "Without a staff of at least 25 persons," says the castle's owner, the Count de la Panouse, "the domain falls apart." To finance the estate, the château was opened to the public in 1966, but the 20,000 visitors it drew that year were not enough to pay the bills. It was the count's son Paul, now 26, who persuaded his father to let him turn one end of the vast grounds into a zoo filled with bears, tigers, kangaroos, wolves and elephants. The young viscount's gamy strategy

The total cost was \$3,000,000. But with 100,000 visitors in 1969, Thoiry is quickly paying back the investment.

Traumatized Animals. Science too will profit from the Thoiry menagerie if the viscount has his way: he plans to study the behavior of the birds and beasts on the plush grounds of the château. "In nature," Paul explains, "the animals vanish before you can really watch them, and in zoos they are so traumatized that their behavior is never authentic. But here at the Château de Thoiry, we have particularly favorable conditions."

Never more so than on one recent night, when some 1,000 paying visitors to the château gathered in the verdant gardens to hear the first in a projected series of orchestral concerts. The program, chosen by the viscount himself, suited both the occasion and the location: Saint-Saëns' *Carnival of the Animals*, Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*, and Haydn's celebration to *The Bear*.

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THE LAW

If Pot Were Legal

No qualms vexed John Kaplan eight years ago when, as an assistant U.S. attorney in San Francisco, he put drug pushers behind bars. A nonsmoking teetotaler, he had little sympathy for drug users of any kind. Later he became a law professor at Stanford University, and the California legislature hired him to help revise the state's drug laws. Then a surprising thing happened: the legislature fired Kaplan and four other professors working on the project because, after three years of exhaustive research, they reluctantly concluded that marijuana should be legalized.

Now Kaplan, 41, has turned his provocative findings into a thoughtful book, *Marijuana—The New Prohibition* (World; \$8.50). After weighing the medical and sociological aspects of marijuana, Kaplan uses the cold analysis of a corporate controller to conclude that the financial and social costs of trying to outlaw marijuana are far greater than the benefits. As a rough equivalent to alcohol, Kaplan says, marijuana should be handled in ways that profit from the nation's experience with Prohibition.

Bathtub Grass. Though marijuana law enforcement now costs California alone more than \$72 million worth of police and court time each year, Kaplan notes that the busts have not decreased use of the drug. The law has little effect on the unstable and heedless users who are most likely to become serious marijuana abusers or go on to hard drugs. By lumping marijuana with hallucinogens, amphetamines, barbiturates and heroin, in fact, the law encourages young people to distrust warnings about those far more

perilous substances. Pot prohibition gives sporadic users the stigma of criminal record and makes young people cynical about law in general.

What might work better? Twenty-three states have eased the penalties for possession of marijuana, partially to concentrate on those who deal in it. The Nixon Administration is now proposing the same strategy for federal law. Kaplan is dubious. When pushers are caught, he argues, the supply becomes restricted and the price goes up, enticing more pushers into the field and encouraging pot smokers to try more dangerous substitutes or to grow their own. One British manufacturer already turns out a hydroponic unit capable of producing 400 tons of cattle food per year in a space the size of a garage; Kaplan claims that a similar device could be adapted to pot cultivation. Bathtub grass, he suggests, is as inevitable as bathtub gin.

No Advertising. Kaplan predicts that the U.S. will repeal pot prohibition within ten years. Even so, he opposes the irresponsible strategy of making marijuana as available as candy. He advocates a regulatory scheme roughly similar to—but tougher than—those now used for tobacco and alcohol. Either private manufacturers or a Government monopoly would grow marijuana and package it in uniform grades and strengths. Government-licensed marijuana stores would sell the drug, imposing high taxes to price it out of many young people's reach. Sales to those under 18 would be illegal, as would the driving of a car under the influence of pot.

Kaplan's system could, in fact, discourage marijuana use. Pot manufacturers and sellers would be forbidden

to advertise their wares. Consumers could be restricted to buying small quantities, perhaps by a system of rationing coupons. And a share of marijuana tax revenues would be earmarked for the drug-control efforts that hold more promise than law enforcement—drug education, counseling and rehabilitation.

Kaplan concedes that licensing marijuana would "almost certainly" increase experimentation and use. But he argues that licensing would reduce the "forbidden fruit" appeal that the drug now has and encourage parents to show their children how to use it sanely. As he points out, "Authorities on alcohol report that alcoholism is least likely not among the children of abstainers, but among those who grew up in families where alcohol is used moderately." Kaplan also argues that his scheme would shrink the market for harder drugs by providing a legal and convenient alternative.

Vain Hypocrisy. The Kaplan plan is not without its problems. How strong should legalized pot be, for example? Would politicians campaign on pot platforms, wooing the 18-year-old vote with pledges of higher potency? Could legislators resist pressures from licensed pot producers demanding permission to advertise? Although agreeing with Kaplan, University of Texas Law Professor Michael Rosenthal notes that adopting Kaplan's proposal might be something of a gamble. If pot-control efforts were not at least as strong as those now being used to discourage cigarettes, the nation could be trading its current law-enforcement problem for a public health problem.

Whatever the possible drawbacks of licensing, Kaplan feels that it would be vastly more honest than the present system, which he finds riddled with the same hidden hypocrisy that undermined Prohibition. Kaplan cites a recent historical study, which found that the Volstead Act "resulted largely from pressure by white rural Protestants to have made illegal a practice that they associated primarily with urban Roman Catholics." It was a way of censuring not only drinking behavior but an "entire life-style, including Catholicism." In the same way, Kaplan charges, marijuana bans are vain expressions of opposition to the youth culture, and they do more harm than good.

God as Landlord

Lou Gottlieb is a rich retired folk singer who made his pile as a member of the once popular Limeliters. A year ago, Gottlieb decided that he could afford to give away his 30-acre Morning Star ranch near San Francisco. He literally deeded the place to God and turned it into a commune for the world's "religious people."

Unfortunately, the apostles' tents and tree houses violated local health and safety codes. The county district attorney took Gottlieb to court, hoping to make him clean up his rural slum. He refused. The mess, he said, was God's problem, not his.

Last week Superior Court Judge



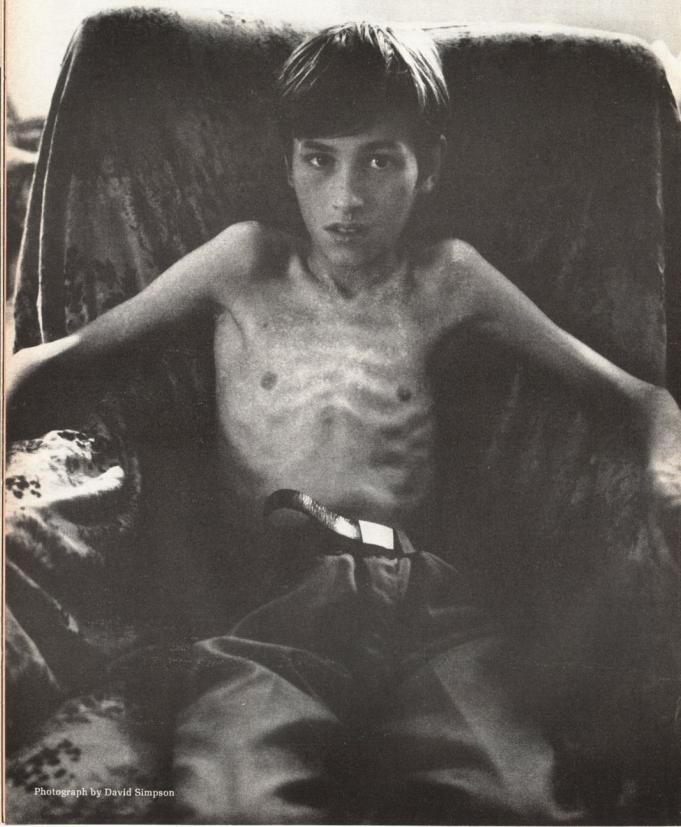
FLAPPER WITH PROHIBITION BOOT FLASK

Reducing the forbidden fruit appeal.



JOHN KAPLAN

Take this ad to lunch



Photograph by David Simpson

The next time you think you're dying for something to eat, think about some people who really are. Ten million people. In New York, Mississippi, Texas, California and every other state. Ten million red, white and black Americans who are so damned poor they can't even afford the \$30 a month minimum to buy government food stamps.

Chronically undernourished mothers are giving birth to babies too small and weak to suck. Babies with only 40% of the normal number of brain cells and no hope of ever catching up. Scrawny little American kids are suffering from weird foreign diseases like rickets, pellagra, marasmus and even deadly kwashiorkor. We're telling you all this because we're mad. And we want you to get mad. So mad you'll help us rid America of starvation forever. First, get yourself involved in "Hunger" groups in your region. And don't think there can't be starvation where you live. Some of the richest counties in America are burying the poorest people. Then sit down and send a card or letter to every senator and congressman you can think of. Send them copies of this ad. Or just tell them how disgusted you are.

Third, when you go to lunch today, instead of ordering a steak, ask for a grilled cheese. Then send the money you save to people who are actively involved in fighting hunger, like the ones we've listed here. We know we're asking you to do a lot. But, God knows, ten million starving American people have got to be worth it.

Send your contributions to:

Southern Regional Council
5 Forsythe Street, N.W.
Atlanta, Ga. 30303
Attn: Advisory Committee for
Hungry Americans

Appalachia Volunteers
120 Court Street
Prestonburg, Kentucky 41653

Stephen I. Granger
Box 125
R.D. #2
Purcellville, Virginia 22132

Barrio Youth Project, Inc.
1201 South First Ave.
Phoenix, Arizona 85003

This ad created by
VanSant Dugdale & Co., Inc.
One North Charles St.,
Baltimore, Md. 21201



GOTTLIEB & FRIEND AT RANCH
Only humans have property rights.

Kenneth Eymann resolved the legal battle by ruling that God has no property rights in the State of California. The law, he wrote, requires that "the grantee must be a person, either natural or artificial, in existence at the time of the conveyance and capable of taking title." Duly voiding God's deed, the judge gave Gottlieb 30 days to police his pad.

Flag Desecration Is Legal

While patriots of left and right debate the question of who owns the American flag, the law has the ticklish task of providing workable answers. Take the case of Stephen Haugh, 23, a Pennsylvania State University student who joined a campus antiwar demonstration on July 4, 1967. Haugh brandished an American flag emblazoned with the slogans "Make Love Not War" and "The New American Revolutionaries." He was convicted of violating a 1939 state law that makes it a misdemeanor to write "any word" on the flag or "publicly cast contempt" upon it.

Haugh appealed to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court on the ground that flag-desecration laws restrain a demonstrator's free speech and are thus unconstitutional. The court avoided that issue, which civil libertarians are now attempting to bring before the Supreme Court. Even so, the Pennsylvania tribunal has just reversed Haugh's conviction.

As it turns out, the Pennsylvania flag law contains a little-noticed clause that exempts any "political demonstration or decorations." Strictly construing the statute, the high state court ruled that flag desecration is legal in Pennsylvania if it "takes place at a political demonstration." The state legislature may not define "political" to exclude protest groups, the court suggested; as a result, Old Glory can be used as anyone's political prop in Pennsylvania.

MILESTONES

Born. To André Courrèges, 47, Paris couturier and Coqueline Barrière, 35, whom he married secretly in 1965: their first child, a girl; in Paris.

Died. Clinton Rossiter, 52, author and professor of American Institutions at Cornell University; of cardiac arrest; in Ithaca, N.Y. His books included *Seedtime of the Republic* (1953), *The American Presidency* (1956) and *Marxism: The View from America* (1960).

Died. Bjarni Benediktsson, 62, Iceland's Premier since 1963, who embraced social welfare at home and friendship for the U.S. in foreign affairs; with his wife and grandson when their summer home outside Reykjavik was destroyed by fire.

Died. Barnett Newman, 65, *Maximus* of the minimal (see ART).

Died. Robb Sagendorph, 69, editor-publisher of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, oldest (178 years) continuous periodical in the U.S.; in Peterborough, N.H. A wealthy Bostonian by birth, a New England farmer by inclination, Sagendorph bought the modernized—and ailing —*Almanac* in 1939, restored its time-honored format, offering readers old-fashioned recipes, a listing of odd holidays and dates ("Abe Lincoln, conceived, May 7, 1808"), homey poetry, astronomy tables, a farmer's calendar of crop and other advice, as well as long-range weather predictions, which he insisted were more accurate (78.5%) than those of the U.S. Weather Bureau (65.5%). The old ways obviously struck a responsive chord in readers; circulation grew from 86,000 in 1939 to 1,300,000 today.

Died. Marjorie Rambeau, 80, character actress, whose career on stage and screen spanned almost 70 years; in Palm Springs, Calif. A child star at the turn of the century and a romantic lead into the 1920s, she later portrayed the archetypal dowager in scores of plays and films, most notably *Any Number Can Play*, *The View from Pompey's Head* and *A Man Called Peter*.

Died. Harold Stirling Vanderbilt, 85, great-grandson of Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of the New York Central Railroad, who won his own fame as an international yachtman and inventor of the game of contract bridge; of heart disease; in Newport, R.I. Though he was a shrewd and hard-working director of the family empire from 1914 to 1954, when he lost control of the Central in a bitter proxy fight, Vanderbilt became best known for his achievements as an America's Cup yachtman, and card player. He introduced contract bridge to the world in 1925, saw it become history's most popular parlor game.

SHOW BUSINESS

The Happy Peasant

With his wayward orange mane and glazed fish-green eyes, Gene Wilder conveys a beguiling look of incipient madness. In his films to date he has seemed always on the verge of lurching into some marvelously insane enterprise. For a time he worried about becoming type-cast as Hollywood's favorite neuroathletic comedian. "There was always a reservoir of hysteria in me that I could call upon as an actor," says Wilder. "As I grew out of it, I became more and more dissatisfied with the parts I was playing. But Hollywood, of course, couldn't keep up with my psychological advancement. So I played hysterical accountants [*The Producers*], nervous undertakers [*Bonnie and Clyde*], and mad

Quackser is an urban savage who prefers shoveling horse manure from the streets of Dublin and spreading it on ladies' flowers to working in the foundry with his father. Without Wilder's protean talents, the film could have been absurd: an upper-middle-class American girl studying at Trinity College (Margot Kidder) nearly runs Quackser over in an MG but winds up taking him to her farewell dance and ultimately to bed. Wilder makes the affair believable by investing his role with an appealing integrity as well as sexual overtones; he himself added two scenes early in the film in which Quackser stays his daily rounds long enough to dally with a lusty Gaelic wench. The romance is only part of the film; the rest concerns Quackser's slow, painful

almost as much as all the lessons. "I chose the job because it seemed most applicable to acting," he told *TIME* Writer Mark Goodman last week. "I've always been drawn to roles of emotional crises."

Frenetic Ineptitude. In 1961 Wilder landed an off-Broadway role as a North Country farm boy in Arnold Wesker's *Roots*. His big movie break came in *The Producers*; though the 1968 film was a disaster, Wilder's frenetic ineptitude won him an Oscar nomination. As the frightened undertaker snatched for a joyride in *Bonnie and Clyde*, Wilder stirred almost as much comment as Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

For all his screen intensity, Wilder off-screen is relaxed and polite almost to the point of diffidence. "My quiet exterior used to be a mask for hysteria," he says. "After seven years of analysis, it just became a habit." In search of tranquility, he, his wife and her daughter by a previous marriage are spending the summer at Long Island's Westhampton Beach. Otherwise they live in a modest two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan. Wilder wants simplicity, but not complete conventionality. "Quackser was only half a step off the ground from what is considered normal. That's me. My sister told me: 'Quackser has given you the chance to be what you've always wanted. A happy peasant.' She was right. That's what I've always wanted to be, a happy peasant."

Sex Trip

There is a fair chance that future historians may credit—or blame—Alex de Renzy, 34, an imaginative San Francisco pornographer, for bestowing the *coup de grâce* to movies' last remaining sexual inhibitions. De Renzy went to Denmark with a camera crew last year and shot endless reels of 16-mm. film of the country's legal pornography industry. The resulting *Pornography in Denmark* takes exploitation as far as it can go. The picture explicitly depicts lesbianism, fellatio, cunnilingus, and every detail of conventional sexual intercourse.

The film has now achieved more or less legitimate distribution in Los Angeles and Manhattan, where it plays under the alias *Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach*. In San Francisco, de Renzy took the movie from what he jokingly calls his "sleazy lust house" in the tenderloin to a theater in the respectable Marina district. "We just couldn't fill up the theater with sex freaks," says de Renzy. "We are pitching to a much broader, middle-class audience." Not counting upcoming bookings in Seattle and Washington, D.C., the \$15,000 venture has grossed some \$800,000 in half a year.

To circumvent censorship, *Porno*, as the film is known, is passed off as a documentary. Clumsily interspersed with the sex scenes are travelogue footage of Denmark and man-on-the-street interviews of the queues entering Copenhagen's 1969 Sex Fair. Police vice squads have



WILDER & KIDDER IN "QUACKSER"

Like a young Chaplin with reddish hair and Irish brogue.

aristocrats [*Start the Revolution Without Me!*]."

Hollywood has caught up at last. Wilder, 35, has lately been besieged with scripts and has sifted through them with his own brand of mad logic. What sort of actor would turn down a tempting offer from Mike Nichols to play in *Catch-22*, but accept the lead role as a Dublin manure spreader in a film improbably titled *Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx*? To everyone's good fortune (especially his own), Wilder did just that. Says he: "Quackser was the idealization of everything I've wanted to do as an actor. He typifies where I'm at now—humorous, sexual, innocent and striving for simplicity." Wilder's delicate blend of humor and pathos makes the viewer think he is seeing young Charlie Chaplin with reddish hair and an Irish brogue. It also makes *Quackser Fortune* one of the most delightful comic dramas in recent years.

acceptance of the inexorability of civilization. He is forced to a showdown with himself when the last milk-wagon on horses are cleared from the streets, and his eventual compromise is both whimsical and affecting.

Wilder's growth as a man and an actor has had its own special agonies. He was born Jerry Silberman in Milwaukee, the only son of a prosperous manufacturer of miniature beer and whiskey bottles. When his parents sent him to Black Fox Academy in Hollywood, he recalls, "I was the only Jew in the school, and I got either beat up or insulted every day." He was soon back in Milwaukee taking drama lessons after school and playing summer stock in the East. Wilder studied slavishly—at the University of Iowa, at the Old Vic in London, with Lee Strasberg in New York. A stint as a draftsman in the neuropsychiatric ward at Valley Forge Army Hospital taught him

MICHAEL ALEXANDER



DE RENZY (RIGHT) FILMING "PORNOGRAPHY"
More inhuman than immoral.

raided *Porno*—once in Los Angeles, twice in San Francisco—but courts have refused to close the show. Another censorship dodge, used by many of de Renzy's competitors in the fast-expanding porno market, is sex education. Such how-to-do-it movies as *Man and Wife* and *Marital Fulfillment* clinically demonstrate the positional permutations of coitus. Few if any of the pictures released so far in either genre are particularly erotic. Depicting sex that is crude, loveless and even passionless, they are really horror movies—repellent not so much for their immorality as for their inhumanity.

Amateurs Only. "I'm not exactly sure where it belongs, but pornography has a place in society," argues de Renzy. Before coming to that conclusion, he studied zoology at the University of Nevada, taught at an Air Force survival school, worked as a croupier in Reno, and shot industrial films in San Francisco. After moonlighting on stag movies, he leased a 50-seat lust house that he renamed The Screening Room. He spent \$50,000 refurbishing and expanding it and as much on legal fees fighting police efforts to close it down. Since 1968, the box-office gross has risen from \$100 a week to an average \$8,000. To attract repeat patronage, de Renzy shoots a new 90-minute picture every month or so, and his cinematic technique is improving with practice. At first his stars were prostitutes, but he now casts only amateurs, generally hippies; he gets them for \$50 a picture through an ad in the underground *Berkeley Barb*.

Adjusting to affluence, de Renzy drives a Porsche convertible and sails a 52-ft. yacht. He lives in a \$150,000 hilltop estate in Marin County—with his secretary and one of his former actresses. Both are pregnant with his children, and he supports at least five earlier offspring. "I guess you could say," he says, "that I'm on a sex trip." So is a growing portion of the moviegoing public.

THE THEATER

Gabler by Bergman

As the lights go down, the audience at London's Cambridge Theater looks up expecting to see the familiar opening scene of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*—Hedda's new husband nattering away with his auntie. Instead, in a startling departure from the script, Maggie Smith as Hedda strides silently onto the empty stage. Clad severely in white, she is pale and tense, her features a mask of mortal exhaustion and despair that might have been painted by Edvard Munch. She smokes, paces, contemplates herself in a mirror, stares moodily, doubles over in a spasm of nausea. All of the contradictory qualities that are to make up her mordantly gripping performance she foreshadows in mime: hauteur and anxiety, narcissism and feelings of revulsion toward her femininity, commanding energy and naked vulnerability. In overt and miniature the theme has been inexorably set. What follows is inescapably colored by the fact that the audience has already been given a glimpse into Hedda's doomed soul.

This dreamlike visual overture is a stroke worthy of that renowned master of the cinematic art, Ingmar Bergman. And no wonder. The Hedda unveiled by the National Theater troupe last week is a special restaging by Bergman of his 1968 Stockholm production. In it, the play moves out of the sitting room and into the psyche. Bergman's stage is relatively bare and expressionistic, luridly lit when it is not dark. On the peripheries of many of his scenes, characters who are supposed to be offstage linger to eavesdrop on the proceedings that concern them. Somewhat eerily, this shifts the emphasis from actual events to the manner in which they are apprehended by the characters; above all, to the way they are apprehended by Hedda, who overhears far more than anyone else. At times the drama even seems to be taking place in different levels of her mind.

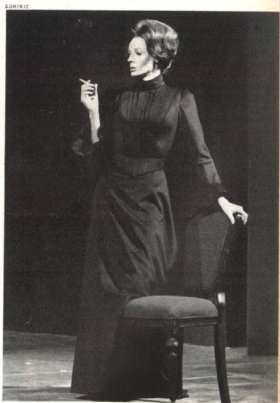
Compulsive Personality. Thus the problem of the play does not appear to be, as it does in many productions, the anti-feminist social conventions that confine Hedda. This Hedda would be no happier if she ran a company or broke out of her marriage. She is a victim not of society but of herself. She still flails viciously at the lives around her, but only in the throes of a long, vivid, tormented and inevitably losing struggle with her own divided nature.

Maggie Smith plays Hedda as a literally compulsive personality, icily aware and oc-

casionaly appalled by what she says and does, but helpless to stop herself. When she reaches out to pull the hair of her rival or burn the manuscript of the man she loves, her body lurches and twists in a jumble of conflicting drives to do the thing, not to do it, and dissemble by doing something else. Her pale, strained face is a screen on which the shadow of one inner demon masters another, only to be mastered by a third. In keeping with the cinematically fluid rhythms of the production, Miss Smith cuts and dissolves from mood to mood like some dazzling montage sequence in a Bergman film. The wonder of it is that this is not a film, but stage art transmuted to a new dimension.

Originality must be purchased, artistically speaking. For Bergman, the cost of replacing the traditional Victorian furnishings with a more symbolic setting is a tendency toward abstractness. For Miss Smith, the cost of replacing the outwardly thwarted new woman of Hedda's day with a more inwardly racked characterization is a slight taint of the clinical case history. But both transactions are bargains. In place of Ibsen's now somewhat dated "modernity," Bergman's and Miss Smith's theatricality seems timelessly contemporary.

■ Christopher Porterfield



MAGGIE SMITH IN "HEDDA GABLER"
Out of the sitting room and into the psyche.

MEDICINE

Conquest of Polio

The near-perfect effectiveness of mass vaccinations against poliomyelitis has been dramatically proved in figures just released by the Center for Disease Control: in 1969, there were only 19 cases of paralytic polio in the U.S., and not a single death. It was the first year without a polio fatality in the half century since records have been kept, and probably since 1894, when the disease was first recognized in the U.S. By contrast, in 1952—just before the first Salk vaccine became generally available—3,145 deaths were reported, and 21,269 additional victims suffered varying degrees of paralysis.

Unfortunately, it is already clear that this year's record will not be quite so good as last year's. There has been an outbreak of polio, with four deaths, in two Texas counties bordering on Mexico: one child was unvaccinated, and three others had not completed the vaccine series. Other sporadic outbreaks can be expected among the unvaccinated in the future, but last year's record makes it clear that the once dreaded summer polio season is a problem of the past.

The Perils of Muscle Beach

Just three months ago, the *Journal* of the A.M.A. had reassuring words for a reader who was concerned because his 22-year-old son with high blood pressure had taken up weight lifting. Two *Journal* consultants suggested that there was nothing to worry about if proper precautions were taken to avoid injuries to the muscles or joints. That reassurance may well have been

ill considered. The *Journal* and *Circulation*, an American Heart Association publication, have now raised warning signals about both weight lifting and isometrics, exercises that increase the tone of muscles without changing their length. Such activity, they say, can cause far more harm than muscle or joint injury.

Natural Posers. "As a former weight lifter and as a specialist in cardiovascular disorders," Dr. William S. Breall of San Francisco writes to the *Journal* editors: "I would like to note a few other possible dangers." First of all, Breall says, a weight lifter should learn to breathe properly, or he may fall in a faint, damage his lungs or suffer a hernia in the groin or the diaphragm. Taking issue with those who dismiss high blood pressure as a hazard, Breall draws attention to the danger of "weight lifter's hypertension." A man performing "severe isometrics," he explains, markedly increases his blood pressure because he tenses his arm or leg muscles and cuts down the flow of blood through them.

Breall urges that doctors make sure a weight lifter's blood pressure is not continuously at an abnormally high level. If it is, he says, the patient should be forbidden to do any weight lifting. Other physicians agree with Breall and suggest that anyone with a tendency to high blood pressure should refrain from any form of isometrics, or static exercise, and consider instead such rhythmic exercises as swimming or jogging, which are preferable for the heart and circulatory system.

Writing in *Circulation*, Physiologist Alexander R. Lind of St. Louis University School of Medicine notes that

while isometrics may increase the strength of one or more muscle groups, they do little or nothing to improve breathing efficiency or the workings of the heart. Tensing the muscles invariably raises blood pressure, Lind says, and the rise may be dramatic if the muscles are strained to half their maximum tension. He points out that the size of the muscles involved is of little importance: a 30% contraction of the small forearm muscles in a hand grip will have the same effect on the blood pressure as a 30% contraction of the much larger leg muscles exerting $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as much force.

Lind says that such increases of blood pressure might be dangerous for people with defects in the walls of the heart or great vessels or for certain patients with damaged heart valves. He adds that the deleterious effects for those with some degree of heart failure are probably illustrated by the occasional patient who suffers an attack of angina pectoris that is dramatically precipitated by working with arms extended or elevated. Physicians, Lind goes on to suggest, should study the possible blood pressure changes in their heart patients.

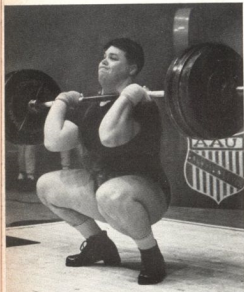
Infirm and Flabby. Dr. Lind takes a dim view of physicians and others who recommend isometrics instead of jogging, and "write in the open press urging the waddlers to turn instead to press-ups (push-ups) and pull-ups." The risks are particularly great, he says, for the elderly, who are likely to be somewhat infirm and also flabby. "There is an ironic twist," he writes, "in that most of the recent popular articles urge the use of isometrics mainly in these groups of people, known to be more likely to have actual or potential weaknesses in their cardiovascular systems." If there is one kind of exercise in which such people should not indulge, Lind concludes, it is isometrics.

Seductive Patients

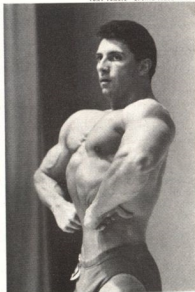
The rules of sound medical practice have a carefully built-in safeguard for the woman patient being examined or treated by a male doctor: another woman, usually a nurse, must be present. There is no corresponding protection for the physician who is the object of seductive advances during interviews with his female patients. Psychiatrist Herbert Vandervoort of the University of California at San Francisco believes that such advances are made often enough to justify having inexperienced young doctors forewarned and provided with a check list of the various seductive types whom they will have to recognize and fend off.

In a report to the American Medical Association, Vandervoort suggested that women who behave seductively in the doctor's office fall into five classes:

HABITUAL FLIRT. One who has learned early to handle her anxiety in regard to men by flirting with them. The doctor is in no great danger because ha-



WEIGHT LIFTING



FLEXING MUSCLES

Raising warning signals.

MRS. CHAMBERS-PRIDE WANTS 32 DOZEN GLORIOUS
PINK PEONIES FOR DARLING MIMSY'S SUNDAY
COMING-OUT TEA AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE STUCK
WITH NOTHING BUT POOPED PANSIES IF THE NURSERY
CAN'T COME UP WITH A FREIGHT SERVICE THAT
WORKS WEEK-ENDS?



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Greyhound Package Express is fast. Packages often arrive the same day, because they go by bus—right along with the passengers. 7 days a week, 24 hours a day, including

holidays. No high cost—and you can even ship collect. So whether you're a big businessman or a little lady with a package, just take it to a Greyhound terminal and *Greyhound it!*



Greyhound Package Express



An act of the gods made this the best tasting rum in the world.

Leilani Rum is made in Hawaii with the help of three gods.

The god of Volcanoes gave us the volcanic soil to grow the finest sugar cane in the world.

The god of Sun

gave us 350 days a year of sunshine to grow the richest sugar cane in the world.

And the god of Rain gave us the water to grow the juiciest sugar cane in the world.

With that kind of help,

Leilani has to taste great.

Thanks, gods.



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"TO BEGIN WITH, MISS HUGHES, THE HUMAN BODY IS A GORGEOUS PIECE OF MACHINERY."

bitual flirts rarely go beyond the stages of teasing, promising and innuendo.

DOCTOR KILLER. A "downright dangerous" patient, actually a man-hater who must dominate her physician to meet her own psychological needs. If she succeeds in seducing him, she will spread word of her triumph to destroy him socially and professionally.

BABY DOLL. The wide-eyed, superficially compliant "young thing" (but of any age), who tries to make the doctor feel "You are such a great big strong man and I'm such a tiny, itty-bitty little girl." Her pliability is balanced by a hostility toward men that will eventually cut the physician down to size.

FUN PATIENT. The "good-time girl" who tries always to please the doctor and never to make demands upon him. Her seductiveness is aimed toward "friendly" intimacy that may prove more emotionally significant and complicated than the doctor expected.

LOLITA. The girl in middle or late adolescence who dresses and acts provocatively. In many cases she is not purposely seductive and is perhaps hardly aware of her impact on older men in whom she rekindles potentially hazardous fantasies of youth or lost opportunities.

Loyal to his professional colleagues, Vandervoort believes that most doctors are likely to be baffled when women patients set their sights on them as men rather than as physicians. But his judgment of those who succumb to blandishments is harsh. He assigns them to a medical subspecies of H.L. Mencken's *Boobus americanus*. To the degree that a doctor surrenders to the fantasy of being irresistible, he becomes ineffective as a physician.

Since the release of Vandervoort's report, many women have written to him insisting that he has it the wrong way round—that it is the doctors who are trying to seduce the patients. "One woman," he says, "wrote saying she'd been seduced by five different doctors. She carefully included her name, address and phone number, so that I could be No. 6 if I wanted."

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DANCE

Stars in Search of a Heaven

For 30 years the American Ballet Theatre has led two contrasting lives. In one, it basks in a measure of critical acclaim shared by few dance troupes anywhere. In the other, it is constantly shadowed by the threat of bankruptcy. Last week the company ended its anniversary season with a four-week engagement at Manhattan's New York State Theater that broke all box-office records in U.S. ballet history. But even as the final curtain rang down, accompanied by the now familiar sound of bravos, ABT faced a most uncertain future.

The main problem is the lack of a permanent home. Although universally recognized as one of the two finest classical dance companies in the U.S.—the other being the State Theater's resident New York City Ballet—the company has always had difficulty finding an auditorium to serve as home base. When and if the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington is completed (possibly by the end of 1971), ABT is due to become its resident dance ensemble. The designation, however, may be a token one. Already strapped for funds, the Center's sponsors are reluctant to offer a direct challenge to Washington's own sprightly National Ballet—at least not until capital audiences show a stronger appetite for ballet than they have thus far.

Promise Fulfilled. All the financial uncertainty has not affected the quality of the company's work. Indeed, its present condition is a remarkable fulfillment of its initial promise. Organized in 1940 as Ballet Theatre ("American" was added in 1956), the company prospered from the start; one reason was that with Europe at war, New York had become the refuge of a staggering array of imported talent. Backed by the millions of Philanthropist and sometime Dancer Lucia Chase, Founding Director Richard Pleasant was able to put together an opening season with a roster that read like a *Who's Who* of the dance world. Michel Fokine, Anton Dolin and Antony Tudor were among the choreographers; Dolin, Dimitri Romanoff, Adolph Bolm and Nina Stroganova were among the principal dancers. This illustrious list of European dance talent was studded with some new American names like Jerome Robbins and Nora Kaye, both members of the first-year corps de ballet, and Choreographers Agnes de Mille and Eugene Loring.

From this mixture of Old World outlook and New World recruits arose the quality that most distinguishes the ABT today: a meaningful eclecticism. From the start, the great European classics were produced with a breezy American iconoclasm that seemed to thumb its nose at "ballet" in favor of "theatre." That spirit bubbled to a boil in April 1944, when Robbins performed in his

PHOTO



AMERICAN BALLET IN "BRAHMS QUINTET"
Poverty and glory intertwined.

own *Fancy Free*, the first American dance classic to achieve wide popularity. The company has never been dominated by a single choreographer—as is George Balanchine's New York City Ballet—or a single choreographic outlook.

This emphasis on variety has sometimes given ABT a somewhat directionless look, but it has also led to a programmatic range matched by no other company in the world. The past season's novelties more than justify its faith in eclecticism. There were brilliantly shined-up productions of two ballet favorites (*Petrouchka* and *Gaieté Parisienne*); a sassy jazz number called *Times Past*, created by Broadway's Keith Lee to go with a newly exhumed Cole Porter score; Alvin Ailey's *The River*, a haunting, exuberant celebration of the life force, with music by Duke Ellington; and two works by José Limón: *The Traitor*, an allegory of the betrayal of Christ, and *The Moor's Pavane*, a dance translation of *Othello*, both of which blend ballet movement with the angular, explosive patterns of modern dance.

Esprit and Discipline. Despite a depressingly high turnover in talent, American Ballet Theatre has the physical resources to succeed in everything it does, from a purist four-act *Swan Lake* to Grahamesque modernities. The corps has both an *esprit* and a discipline that is sadly lacking today in the rival New York City Ballet. The soloists are a good match for the great names of yesterday. The fluid classical grace of Cynthia Gregory or Lupe Serrano, for example, does not suffer by comparison with Alicia Alonso or Alicia Markova. The ineffably fragile Giselle of Carla Fracci, a "permanent guest artist" with the company, ranks among the great dra-

matic portrayals on any stage; when her favorite partner, Denmark's Erik Bruhn, was forced to miss the Manhattan season because of injuries, the company was able to provide stalwart young alternatives in Ted Kivitt and Ivan Nagy. The work of Toni Lander and Bruce Marks in *The Moor's Pavane* demonstrated the company's ability to offer not one but two of the great ballet partnerships of the age.

From the ranks of its own dancers, ABT is also getting some of its best new choreography. Dennis Nahat's *Brahms Quintet* imposes a brilliant, airy set of patterns onto the turgid measures of that composer's *G Major String Quintet*; the result enhances both the ballet stage and the music itself. Michael Smuin's *Pulcinella Variations* evokes memories of Robbins' jaunty, youthful style.

It is a commentary on the state of the American arts that so remarkable a group faces oblivion despite a recent \$250,000 gift from the National Endowment for the Arts. As of now, the only New York run next season is a three-week engagement at City Center, where the cramped stage makes much of the current repertory unmountable. Last winter the company instituted a series of "residencies" across the country—one to three-week stands in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and at the University of Illinois—that combined performances with seminars and lecture-demonstrations. Such experiments are hazardous and basically unreliable; many roofs offer far less shelter than one. The sad truth is that for the foreseeable future, ABT will have to continue its two-faced existence: poverty and glory intertwined.

■ Alan Rich

THE PRESS

A License to Fix Prices

The power of the press is often exaggerated, but it was abundantly evident last week on Capitol Hill. Responding not to editorial thunder but to years of lobbying by publishers, the House passed a bill shielding the U.S. newspaper industry from antitrust laws. The vote was a lopsided 292 to 87. Since the Senate adopted a similar measure last January, 63 to 14, the legislation seems certain to become law.

The bills permit separately owned but jointly produced papers to pool profits and fix joint advertising rates that are not necessarily based on costs. The measures not only legalize the existing combined operations of 44 dailies in 22 cities (including St. Louis, San Francisco and Pittsburgh), but clear the way for most future arrangements of the same kind. There is no longer any legal dispute over rival papers sharing printing plants and advertising staffs. But publishers argue that without special antitrust exemption, some papers will succumb to rising production and labor costs, thus reducing the variety of editorial voices. The "newspaper preservation bill" is so protective, however, that Justice Department officials have called it "a license to fix prices," promote monopoly and suppress potential competition.

How have newspapers, which often denounce special-interest legislation, come so close to winning a form of antitrust immunity granted to no other unregulated U.S. industry? For one thing, the legislation has received little airing in the news columns of most U.S. papers. More important, today's 22 joint operations involve one Hearst, two New-House and seven Scripps-Howard dailies. In an election year, few legislators seem willing to risk unpopularity with the bosses of three of the nation's largest newspaper chains.

Queen of Muckrakers

"Ah! There is the archvillain," said Publisher Bennett Cerf when he encountered Author Jessica Mitford a few months ago in Manhattan. "I hope you are not going to murder us."

Cerf had ample reason for apprehension. The scourge of the profession of undertaking had recently turned her journalistic skepticism toward one of Cerf's sideline ventures. As a result, in the current issue of the *Atlantic*, Miss Mitford dexterously deflates the Famous Writers School, a heavily promoted mail-order concern in Westport, Conn.

The school's "guiding faculty," as its advertisements stress, includes Cerf and such other U.S. literary figures as Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Clifton Fadiman, Phyllis McGinley and Max Shulman. "There is probably nothing illegal in the FWS operation," writes Miss Mitford judiciously, but she encourages would-be writers to take state-university



JESSICA MITFORD AT HOME
Talent for pricking pretense.

correspondence courses for a fraction of the cost.

High-pressure advertising and sales methods, she suggests, are largely responsible for the school's current enrollment of 65,000 students, each of whom is paying \$785 to \$900 for a three-year course. She concludes that a dropout rate of 66% to 90% (with few refunds) is largely responsible for the school's financial success. Prospective students are wooed by ads that imply guiding faculty members will help judge aptitude tests; there are also brochures that claim "all these eminent authors in effect are looking over your shoulder as you learn." In reality, writes Miss Mitford, the guiding faculty does no teaching and does not even take a hand in recruiting the school's regular instructors.

Ham in the Papers. Miss Mitford reports that when she spoke to guiding faculty members about the ads, they "seemed astonished, even pained, to think people might be naive enough to take the advertising at face value." She quotes Cerf: "If anyone thinks we've got time to look at the aptitude tests that come in, they're out of their mind!" And Faith Baldwin: "Anyone with common sense would know that the 15 of us are much too busy to read the manuscripts the students send in." And Cerf again, on mail-order selling in general: "The crux of it is a very hard sales pitch, an appeal to the gullible." Then why does he lend his name to the school's hard-sell proposition? "Frankly, if you must know, I'm an awful ham—I love to see my name in the papers!"

Pained by the article, School Director John Lawrence compiled a long but quibbling list of alleged errors or

omissions. Sample: the school might have had 800 salesmen at one time, but the number now is 670. Bennett Cerf ruefully confirms that he was quoted accurately: "She even reported what I asked her not to." Adds Cerf: "I told her I was suspicious of direct mail advertising. Now I'm even more suspicious of people who go out and do hatchet jobs and get paid for it." Actually, Jessica was paid twice, once by the *Atlantic* and once by *McCall's*, which originally commissioned the piece. Says *McCall's* Editor Shana Alexander: "I rejected it because I didn't think it was very good." Did Shana's friend Cerf apply any pressure on her not to run the article? "It was rather the reverse," says Mrs. Alexander. "I put some pressure on Bennett to resign from the school." He has not done so.

Miss Mitford had trouble once before selling a story. She wrote a muckraking piece in 1958 on the undertaking industry in the U.S. "The article was turned down by every major magazine as too dreary and unpleasant," she recalls. She finally sold it to an obscure journal called *Frontier* for \$40. Then she used the article as an outline for her book that became a bestseller in 1963, *The American Way of Death*. Miss Mitford has since written another book, *The Trial of Dr. Spock*, and turns out several magazine articles a year. She is currently preparing a piece for *Saturday Review* on the civil rights of prisoners. "I don't think of myself as a muckraker," she insists. "One just sort of falls into these articles."

Eclectic Roots. Despite her disavowal, British-born Jessica Mitford, 52, has become a queen among U.S. muckrakers. The ingredients of her art include dry wit, sharp observation and a talent for pricking pretense in manners, morals and mercenary matters. She has been in the U.S. since 1939 and now lives in Oakland, Calif., with her second husband, Lawyer Robert Treuhaft. But she remains a quintessential Mitford, the offspring of an eccentric English baron whose six daughters were celebrated for their madcap escapades in a quarter-century of headlines.

Older Sisters Unity and Diana lived it up with Adolf Hitler. Eldest Sister Nancy became one of London's "gay young things" immortalized by Novelist Evelyn Waugh, then started writing successful books herself (*Madame de Pompadour*, *Voltaire in Love*). At 19, Jessica eloped to Spain with Winston Churchill's leftist nephew, Esmond Romilly (who was later killed in World War II). Her outraged father persuaded Foreign Minister Anthony Eden to dispatch a destroyer to bring her home, but Jessica resisted the captain's effort to lure her aboard.

Avengeful Famous Writer might consider doing a skeleton-rattling biography on the Mitfords. Except that Jessica told it all herself in a 1960 book, *Daughters and Rebels*. And she did it rather eloquently, without taking any correspondence course on how to write.

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ART

Most with the Least

No Manhattan art gathering really got off the ground until the courtly figure with the walrus mustache and steel-rimmed monocle appeared and someone announced, as someone always did, "Barney's here." Barney was Barnett Newman, abstract painter, self-proclaimed anarchist, celebrated raconteur, the compleat iconoclast. Before his death in Manhattan this month at the age of 65, he provided the most obvious visual link between the generation that produced Abstract Expressionism and the generation that turned to minimal and color-field painting.

Open and Free. There was nothing in the world about which he had no opinion and nothing in the world that could stop him from delivering one. As one friend put it, "You meet him on the

of Modern Art for the fall of 1971.

Born in Manhattan to a Polish immigrant couple in 1905, he used to skip high school classes to spend the day at the Metropolitan Museum. As a student at the Art Students League, he became aware of the dilemma that Malevich and Mondrian had left their successors: where to go from white on white and skin-and-bones geometry? "Painting is finished, we should all give it up," he told a friend, Painter Adolph Gottlieb. World War II added a new dimension to his personal crisis. "How can you continue painting guys playing the fiddle, flowers and sweetness when the world is blowing itself up?" he asked.

His solution was to start with what he called a "void," a blank circle on a spacious canvas, building color and movement around it. Soon the void de-

the same problems. To scores of minimal and color-field painters, he became a kind of father-confessor.

The approbation injected a new note of self-confidence into his painting. His colors grew warmer and more radiant, his scale ever grander. He turned to sculpture: his most singular work, *Broken Obelisk*, today stands in Houston as a memorial to Martin Luther King Jr. Intuitive, romantic, passionate, he unabashedly was. "But more than anything else," said Critic Lawrence Alloway last week, "he showed how to do the most with the least."

Missed View

The tendency has been to treat ancient Egyptian art as merely an impressive precursor to the masterpieces of classical Greece. And with some reason, since Egyptian art was known to most viewers only through those available examples brought home by 19th century plunderers. To the Western eye, attuned to the realistic and lyric drapery of Greek sculpture, most seemed sleekly stylized, looking vaguely like objects suitable for reproduction as paperweights.

Fortunately, the Egyptians managed to save for themselves some of the best of their art. They enshrined these pieces in the Cairo Museum, and taken together, the collection is a forceful demonstration that Egyptian art need take second place to none. Three years ago, Perry Rathbone, director of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and a dedicated admirer of Egyptian art, dispatched an emissary to Cairo to wangle a truly representative selection for a tour of the U.S. Rathbone got the cooperation of the Metropolitan in New York and later the Los Angeles County Museum to share the huge expenses of shipment and insurance. Last year Egyptian authorities finally agreed to lend 43 pieces. It would have been the greatest Egyptian show ever.

War Casualty. Then, abruptly and even as the last few treasures were being crated for shipment, the great show became a casualty of Middle Eastern tensions. In the U.S., pro-Israeli sentiment had been inflamed by the suspected Arab sabotage of an Israel-bound jet, France's visiting President Pompidou had been booed and picketed because his government had closed off military aid to Israel. Rumors spread through the art world that the Met's director, Thomas Hoving, was about to withdraw the Met's support on the ground that he could not assure the safety of the treasures when the exhibition moved to New York in late August.

In Egypt, feeling turned strongly against the loan, particularly when a misdirected Israeli attack on a factory killed 88 civilians. Said one high official bitterly: "How can we send such a magnificent exhibition to a country that is supplying the army of our enemy with planes and pilots that attack and kill our people?" Egypt's



BARNETT NEWMAN & WORKS (1966)

Intuitive, romantic, passionate and threatening.

street and stop for a six-hour conversation." He wrote enough letters to the editor to fill a book. Norman Mailer was still a schoolboy when Newman ran against Fiorello La Guardia in 1933 for mayor of New York City on a Writers-Artists ticket. He lost, of course. "My politics," he later recalled, "went toward open forms and free situations."

So did his painting. His was never an easy style to like or understand, and though he was often called an artist's artist, his most hostile critics were frequently his fellow artists. In fact, though he was one of the historic group of Abstract Expressionists that met at Greenwich Village's Cedar bar in the 1940s, Newman's art won real recognition only in the last decade. His first retrospective had been scheduled by the Museum

veloped into a stripe, or as he preferred to call it, a "zip." The zip usually zipped straight down for eight feet or so through an unmodulated expanse of plain color. When the paintings were shown in 1950 at the Betty Parsons Gallery, reactions ranged from negative to outrage. "You're a threat to us all," exclaimed one artist. What followed were perhaps Newman's bleakest years.

To Abstract Expressionism he was indeed something of a threat, removing, as Sculptor Tony Smith has observed, "the last vestiges of pictorial approach." By the early '60s, though, a generation of younger artists was involved with massive scale, expansive color, maximizing a few minimal elements. They could look at Barney's painting and appreciate that he had already anticipated

Unshipped Treasures Of the Cairo Museum



These are masterpieces that the U.S. may never see. Intended for a loan show at U.S. museums, they were held up last March because of the "delicate situation" in U.S.-Egyptian relations. Above: funerary statuette of the dwarf Seneb and family (2200 B.C.). Right: diorite statue of King Chephren, builder of the second pyramid (2550 B.C.). Below left: a 1500 B.C. relief of the Queen of Punt. Below right: Mentuemhat, Governor of Thebes (660 B.C.)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID LEES



As father of the bride you get to keep what's left.



Johnnie Walker
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Minister of Culture, Sarwat Okasha, called Rathbone that he was postponing the exhibition "until a happier atmosphere prevails."

Incaruate Goals. The "postponement" ripped apart a carefully woven fabric of international cultural cooperation that had survived many other political and ideological shocks. For its part, Egypt lost the admission charges that U.S. museums had been prepared to donate to a UNESCO project for rescuing the temples of Philae from inundation by the waters of the Aswan High Dam. But the chief losers were U.S. art lovers. Among the masterpieces they had been about to see were many that had never before left Egypt.

Greatest of these is the statue of Chephren, builder of the second pyramid and the Sphinx at Giza. "It is as important as the *Mona Lisa* or Michelangelo's *Pietà*," says Curator Edward Terrace of the Boston Museum. Originally placed in Chephren's temple beside the Sphinx, this work comes closer than perhaps any statue in any age to achieving both monumentality and humanity. It meets the ancient Egyptian sculptor's challenge of depicting a real king as an incarnate god. Twelve hundred years later, when Ramses II built his temples at Abu Simbel, Chephren's serene face and regal pose still served as a model for statues of royalty.

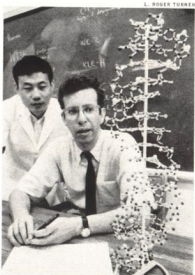
Steatopygus Queen. For lesser mortals—and foreign royalty—such dignity was not required. The steatopygus Queen of Punt (modern Somalia) is portrayed in a polychromed limestone relief with a humorous naturalism that borders on the grotesque. The dwarf Seneb, a priest of the funerary cult of Cheops, is shown in a unique and touching representation of the ancient Egyptian ideal of the happy family. These small effigies were fashioned to go into the family tomb, which was equipped in Egyptian custom with representations of the family and models of the household furnishings against the day of resurrection. Traditionally, husband and wife are shown side by side, flanked by their smaller children. But because of Seneb's deformity, the artist tucked Seneb's legs up underneath him, and put Seneb's children where another man's legs would be. Thus both artistic composition and Seneb's dignity are preserved.

The realistic impulse that periodically animated Egyptian art found dramatic expression in the black diorite portrait bust of Mentuemhat, a vigorous and effective Governor of Thebes who restored the economy of his province after the Assyrian invasion and maintained order during a long and difficult period. Most of Mentuemhat's many statues show him in the traditional and conventional state of ideal manhood. Toward the end of his life, he ordered a revealing study of himself as an old man. In all art history, there are few portraits that so clearly convey the power—and the strain—of a man whose word is law.

Upsetting Dogma

For more than a decade, most scientists have accepted the "central dogma" of molecular biology without question. Stated simply, that dogma holds that the heredity information in living cells is always passed along in the same direction: from the "double helix" DNA molecule to the single-stranded messenger RNA molecule, which in turn directs the synthesis of protein—which is essential to all life. Since the end of May, however, investigators at three separate laboratories have stunned the scientific community by revealing that the central dogma is contradicted by the activities of cancer-producing viruses.

The dogma was challenged experimentally in 1964, when Howard Temin



RESEARCHERS MIZUTANI & TEMIN
Contradiction in a cancer.

of the University of Wisconsin suggested that certain viruses consisting of only RNA and a protein sheath may cause cancer by making their own DNA once they invade a host cell. This new DNA would then become permanently incorporated in the host cell, giving orders for the production of cancerous cells and more cancer-producing viruses.

Invading Viruses. Teminism, as the theory came to be called, received little support from other scientists; it suggested that RNA could pass genetic information along to DNA, a clear reversal of accepted dogma. But Temin refused to abandon his idea. He knew that tumor-causing RNA viruses somehow inject their deadly message permanently into the host cell; otherwise, the cancer would not be passed on during cell division to future generations of cells. Yet the invading viruses carry with them no DNA of their own. Therefore, Temin reasoned,

they must somehow make DNA after invading the host cell. The only way to do this would be by passing information from RNA to DNA.

Last month, Temin with his colleague, Satoshi Mizutani, and David Baltimore of M.I.T. published back-to-back papers in the journal *Nature* offering experimental evidence that RNA viruses causing cancer in animals are capable of assembling their own DNA. Their work was quickly confirmed by Sol Spiegelman, head of Columbia University's Institute for Cancer Research and one of molecular biology's most brilliant experimenters.

All three researchers confirmed the fact that viral RNA material was indeed producing its own DNA. They labelled four chemical building blocks of DNA with a radioactive isotope of hydrogen called tritium. After mixing the building blocks with viral RNA, the "tracer" element appeared in what was chemically identified as DNA. Thus it was apparent that the RNA had assembled the blocks to form DNA in its own image.

Backwards Reaction. One of Spiegelman's checks was even more convincing. He reasoned that if the RNA had served as a template for DNA, the RNA would be complementary to one strand of the DNA and should be able to join it, forming a double-stranded hybrid. He mixed minute amounts of both molecules and whirled them in a centrifuge for three days. Because the density of RNA is different from that of DNA, the strands gradually separated in the test tube, forming two distinct layers. To his delight there also appeared a third layer, which proved that a product of intermediate density—the combined RNA-DNA molecule—had indeed formed.

This result persuaded Spiegelman to throw his support behind Teminism. "We tend to believe that nature is uniform," he says, "so I was just as skeptical about the Temin hypothesis as everyone else. But there were so many peculiarities that could not be explained by what we already knew that it became clear he really had something."

So far, Spiegelman has tested twelve RNA viruses for this "backwards" reaction. Eight of them, which cause tumors in animals, can do it; four, which do not cause tumors, cannot. Circumstantially at least, the results hint that a virus capable of causing cancer might depend upon this reaction. Researchers are already trying to relate these results to virus activity in humans and identify the enzyme that governs the reaction. It is already known that the transfer of genetic information from DNA to RNA can be blocked; an antibiotic can knock the crucial enzyme out of action. Once the key enzyme that enables RNA to produce DNA is identified, the reverse reaction—and perhaps cancer itself—could conceivably be stopped in the same way.

EDUCATION

Report Card for Americans

Most parents view academic achievement in individual terms—that is, how their kids stack up against their immediate classmates. In fact, the U.S. has done little to determine the knowledge levels of entire age groups across the nation. What, for instance, do American nine-year-olds really know about math? What do they not know? Where are 13-year-olds most deficient in literature, say, or social studies?

Meeting in Denver last week, the Education Commission of the States supplied some preliminary answers by releasing the first results of an ambitious project called the National Assessment of Educational Progress. Designed to "fill a gap about what groups of Americans know and can do," the ongoing survey may well prove a substantial boon

to that rocks are solid, that iron does not burn by ordinary means and that pines stay green all winter. Abstractions tended to baffle them: only one in four could pick out the definition for "scientific theory" from five choices.

Thirteen-year-olds also fared best in scientific simplicities, but they were able to make basic judgments based on their knowledge. Solid majorities knew that a fanned fire burns faster because of the increase in oxygen. A surprise for parents: 89% identified the balanced meal (steak, bread, carrots, milk) in a list of diverting alternatives. The 13-year-olds tended to be stronger at graph and table reading than at using lab equipment. Nearly three-quarters agreed that the statement "My dog is better than your dog" is not a matter amenable to scientific inquiry.

The assessment suggests that book

whooping cough cannot be inherited, 91% that chromosomes determine sex. Young adults did well in fact analysis and math calculations. But only 26% recalled that the periodic table shows the relationship of chemical elements, and a scant 3% correctly picked uranium-lead dating as an accurate method of determining the age of ancient rocks. Far oftener than any of the other groups, the 26-to-35s admitted their shortcomings and answered "I don't know."

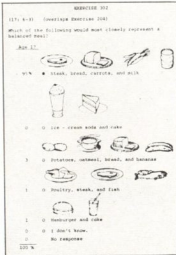
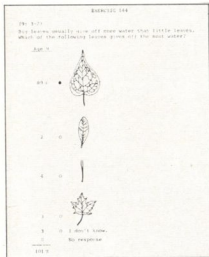
Besides multiple-choice questions, N.A.E.P.'s varied format includes questionnaires, short-answer tests, performance tasks (using scientific equipment), interviews and group discussions. The project is run by a permanent field staff working in private residences and about 2,500 schools. Individual participants—100,000 of them to date—are chosen on random but statistically valid bases, and are never given scores or grades.

Pleasant and Unpleasant. National Assessment was set in motion in 1963 by Francis Keppel, then U.S. Commissioner of Education. The data gathering began last year, and the project was taken over by the Education Commission of the States, whose membership includes governors, legislators and state school officials. So far, the program has cost \$7,000,000, most of it funded by the U.S. Office of Education and the Carnegie Corporation.

The E.C.S. asked a panel of reviewers to comment freely on the science report. Most expressed cautious hope that the country's schools will take a hard look at the results and sharpen their teaching accordingly. But one commentator, Curriculum Consultant Dr. Richard J. Merrill of California, lived his remarks with a list of "Pleasant and Unpleasant Surprises." A sampler of the Unpleasant: "Only 38% of nines and 49% of adults could time ten swings of a pendulum. Only 41% of 17s and 45% of adults knew the function of the placenta. Only 18% of 17s knew that nuclei are more dense than the rest of the atom; 93% thought that metal cans for food are made chiefly of tin." Among the Pleasant: "Ninety-two percent of nines and 98% of 13s know that a human baby comes from its mother's body. Seventy-eight percent of nines feel there must be a reason why a rubbed balloon sticks to any sign of U.S. educational maturity, Merrill also noted: "Eighty-nine percent of 17s knew that living dinosaurs have never been seen by men, *The Flintstones* notwithstanding!"

The Agonies of Acronymia

Today's acronyms, designed to be time- and labor-saving devices, are often harder to use than the words they are meant to replace. Consider the monsters that the Navy alone has spawned: EP-DOPAC (Enlisted Personnel Distribution Office-Pacific Fleet) and PAMIPAC (Personnel Accounting Machine Installation-Pacific Fleet). Worse, they have now



SAMPLE QUESTIONS FROM NATIONAL ASSESSMENT TEST
Enlightening, if not startling.

to the nation's primary- and secondary-school curriculum planners.

The N.A.E.P. project is a census-like survey of what four age groups—nine, 13, 17 and 26 to 35—know in ten subject areas. From now through 1975, there will be statistical accountings, and periodic reassessments, of knowledge in citizenship, art, music, literature, mathematics, reading, writing, social studies and career development. Future reports—still retaining the basic age-group system—will be broken down geographically, sexually, racially and environmentally. The long-range purpose of national assessment is "to measure changes in knowledge and skills and improve the quality of education in the nation."

My Dog, Your Dog. Focused on science, last week's results proved enlightening if not startling. The scientific facts known to most nine-year-olds, for instance, were limited to simple phenomena. More than four out of five knew

learning peaks at 17, an age that also shows a wide range of "common" knowledge. Thus 93% of that group knew that gasoline comes from petroleum, 69% that a galaxy contains many stars. But only 58% of the country's 17-year-olds, despite their proximity to science teachers, realized that matter consists of individual moving particles, and a mere 46% knew that the higher a musical note, the higher the frequency and the shorter the wavelength. Many were prone to misconceptions: asked which of five characteristics is peculiar to birds, only half correctly chose "a body covering of feathers" (more than one-fourth felt for "ability to fly").

According to the survey, adults aged 26 to 35 are rusty on book learning but show scientific awareness picked up from the press, TV and practical experience. Most were strongest on medical facts: 70% know that adrenalin is a stimulant to the heart, 79% that



49 TUCKER



49 PACKARD



49 DE SOTO



49 STUDEBAKER



49 VOLKSWAGEN



49 HUDSON

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Where are they now?

Return with us now to those wondrous days of yesteryear.

It's 1949 and automobiles are getting longer, lower and wilder.

Massive bumpers are a big hit. Fins are in. And everyone's promising to "keep in style with the times."

But then, times changed.

Massive bumpers and fins went out. And so did every other car shown above, except the Volkswagen.

Why?

Well you see, back in '49, when all those other guys were worrying about

how to improve the way their cars looked, we were worrying about how to improve the way our car worked.

And you know what?

2,200 improvements later, we still worry about the same thing.



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July 1, 1970

\$150,000,000

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Thirty-Three Year 9.05% Debentures, due July 1, 2003

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grown so prolific that MAD may stand for anything from Mutual Assured Destruction to the New York Stock Exchange symbol for the Madison Fund—with 13 other alternatives in between.

Constant Hazard. The very word acronym is a neologism, which a Bell Laboratories researcher created in 1943 from the Greek *akros* (tip) and *onyma* (name). By 1960, when the Gale Research Company of Detroit published the first edition of what is now called *Acronyms and Initialisms Dictionary* (lumping wordlike acronyms with unpronounceable abbreviations) 12,000 of

Planned to save words in print and speech, acronyms have created new ones instead (radar, sonar, Ioran) and even corrupted spelling, producing "snick" out of SNCC and "rotsy" from ROTC. Today inappropriate acronyms are a constant hazard. When the Nixon Administration set up its new Office of Management and Budget (OMB), for example, it seemed clear that the awkward initials were invented to avoid the more logical name, Bureau of Management and Budget (BOMB). Military men seldom avoid such errors. The Army is especially prone to fatuous ac-

TED LAU

ronyms like BAMBI, which stands for Ballistic Missile Boost Intercept. Some civilian agencies are equally dense: ACHE (Alabama Commission on Higher Education), or something the Albuquerque payroll office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs calls Wage and Manpower Process Utilizing Machines, which tactlessly yields WAMPUM. From conservationists: FOE (Friends of the Earth) and ACNE (Alaskans Concerned for Neglected Environments).

SAC, SACC and SAK. The worst hazard is the acronym's tendency to create doubles. As soon as an acronym becomes common, it breeds a litter of identical children. When a man says that he works for AID, is he part of the Agency for International Development or Americans of Italian Descent? Perhaps he is a doctor concerned with Artificial Insemination by Donor, or a lexicographer employed by the *Acronyms and Initialisms Dictionary*, which now lists 18 different AIDs.

Even the Strategic Air Command must compete with other SACCs, from sprayed acoustical ceiling to the Society of the Catholic Apostolate—not to mention SACC (either Supplemental Air Carrier Conference or Supporting Arms Coordination Center) and SAK (a Finnish trade union confederation called Suomen Ammattiliittojen Keskusliitto).

Ironically, people have a natural reluctance to clutter their memories with clusters of letters. Even those in the midst of the highest acronymic concentrations occasionally lose one. During the Apollo 12 mission, according to *The Washington Monthly*, controllers discovered that a minor malfunction was due to something called the Digital Uplink Assembly. "We think we've figured it out—your DUA was off," they radioed to the vicinity of the moon. Replied Apollo: "What is a DUA?"



NAVY SIGNS IN CALIFORNIA*
In one ear and out the other.

both were already on the loose. This summer's third edition will list more than 80,000. Nor is English the only language to be acronymized. The Library of Congress publishes a glossary of 23,600 Russian acronyms and abbreviations, ranging from the familiar MIG plane (designed in part by Mikhail Iosifovich Gurevich) to AGIT-PROP (for Agitation and Propaganda Department).

* Translation: Enlisted Personnel Distribution Office-Pacific Fleet; Personnel Accounting Machine Installation-Pacific Fleet.

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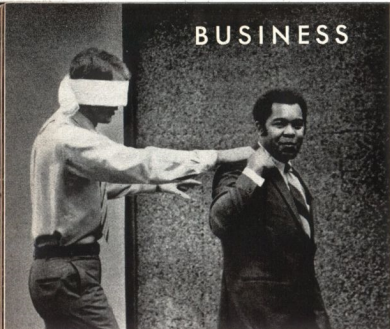
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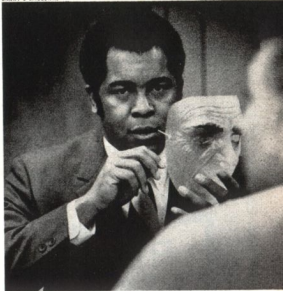
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BUSINESS



SENSITIVITY TRAINING AT BOISE CASCADE: LEADING THE FOREMAN

DANU O'GALLORAN



TRYING ON THE WHITE MASK

The Executive As Social Activist

PHILOSOPHERS of capitalism have always expected it to produce social progress, but usually as a byproduct of economic efficiency. In 1776, Adam Smith asserted that the businessman pursuing his own self-interest would be led "by an invisible hand" to do more good for society than if he consciously set out to do so. For almost two centuries, businessmen accepted the comfortable, generally sound idea that, by seeking wealth for themselves, they would create jobs, goods—and wealth—for others. In modern America, owners and managers figured that their chief duty was to make the biggest profit they could, subject to some qualifying commandments: Thou Shalt Not Cheat Customers, Thou Shalt Not Oppress Workers, Thou Shalt Not Conspire with Competitors. As a citizen, the U.S. executive might worry about housing, education or public health. As a corporate official, he typically considered such things none of his business.

Now business is changing. U.S. corporate leaders have begun articulating a new philosophy: that business is part of the total society and has an obligation to attack a broad range of social problems, if need be in ways that temporarily retard profits. Fletcher I. Byrom, chairman of Pittsburgh's Koppers Co., finds the idea that business exists only to make a profit as unsatisfactory as "saying that the function of living is to breathe." Charles F. Luce, chairman of metropolitan New York's Consolidated Edison, argues that managers must directly concern themselves with "whether Negroes and Puerto Ricans have decent jobs and housing and education." B.R. Dorsey, president of Gulf Oil, goes as far as to say that

"The first responsibility of business is to operate for the *well-being* of society." In sum, the business of business is America.

The new mood reflects much genuine altruism, but it is also in large part a reaction to rising public attacks on business. Company chiefs have been shaken by the protests of the consumer crusaders, the blacks and the youth. Talented college graduates, who are the people businessmen most want to hire, demand to know just what corporations are doing for the community and the na-

tion. Many corporate chiefs have been personally pressed by their own sons and daughters. Whitney Young Jr., head of the National Urban League, was startled recently to see the chairman of one of the largest U.S. corporations moved to tears while describing the insistent questioning of his children as to what he, as a man of power, was doing to improve society.

The American businessman is being challenged to effect change within his own organization: to hire more of the poor, to stop the pollution that his company produces, to manufacture safer and more reliable products. Beyond that, he is being asked to reach more broadly into the community: to use his company's talent, capital and organizational skill to repair the rattles in the nation's social machinery.

Many businessmen concede that the protesters' challenges are justified and have opened their eyes to social and environmental ugliness that they had never noticed before. "I've been looking at jet planes for a long time," says Wallace Booth, a vice president of North American Rockwell. "But until recently, I took it for granted that a lot of black smoke came out the back end. Now it aggravates me personally." Atlanta's Mills Lane, a highly influential Southern banker, was horrified while driving around the slums of Savannah, his home town, to see the desperate poverty that he had never noticed while growing up.

What are businessmen doing about it all? Their achievements so far by no means match their brave rhetoric. To some extent, business' social effort is a public relations campaign; community involvement has become the "in" thing

J. EDWARD BAILEY



HENRY THE SECOND
An investment in survival.

for a company to boast about. Asked what they are actually doing to improve the community, some corporate leaders cite such routine activities as charitable contributions.

Yet an elite group of firms, mainly among the richest and most powerful corporations in the nation, have made an impressive beginning. They are hiring and training the hard-core unemployed. They are spending prodigiously to clean up pollution of the air and water. They are launching promising pilot programs to build low-cost housing and to improve education. Overall, they make few major decisions without considering the broader effects on the local community and the nation.

"The Worst Domestic Crisis"

Not many small or even medium-sized companies have yet joined the effort. They have less money and resources to devote to anything beyond the pursuit of profit. The corporate leaders who are acting, however, wield power to effect change far out of proportion to their numbers. A partial list: Haakon I. Romnes, chairman of American Telephone & Telegraph; Alden Clausen, president of Bank of America; Thomas J. Watson Jr., chairman of I.B.M.; Harold Geneen, chairman of International Telephone & Telegraph; Roy Chapin Jr., chairman of American Motors; Robinson Barker, chairman of PPG Industries.

Those businessmen who have begun action have proved their seriousness by continuing it through the current economic downturn. The slump has indeed prevented expansion of some projects. For example, the National Alliance of Businessmen lately has been falling short of its goals in obtaining new pledges from companies to train the hard-core unemployed, because corporations now have fewer jobs to fill. Outright cutbacks in social projects, however, have been rare. More and more businessmen are becoming aware that social action is not a luxury; they realize that either they have to change, or change will be forced upon them. Their goal is to create social reforms without real revolution.

Nobody has realized the magnitude and urgency of the job more than the man whose name is synonymous with U.S. capitalism: Henry Ford II. The chairman of the Ford Motor Co. is the absolute ruler, by right of primogeniture, of a worldwide auto empire. In an era of hired managers, he is one of the last of the proprietors, a man who can do exactly what he pleases because, as he says, "my name is over the door." What Henry the Second pleases to do varies from impulsively writing a \$50,000 check for a Detroit ghetto recreation center after hearing about it on a TV news show to purposefully promoting change within his company, his city, and the nation's business community.

Some time ago, Ford became convinced that the U.S. is facing what he

calls "the worst domestic crisis since the Civil War." To overcome it, he told the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce two years ago, "will require nothing less than a peaceful social revolution. We will need to make basic changes in our schools, our housing, our welfare system. We will also need to make basic changes in our employment practices—in whom we hire, how we hire, and what we do with people and for people after they are hired."

In many ways, Ford, 52, seems an unlikely social activist. He is the most powerful man in the industry that has been criticized more than any other for desecrating the environment and being late to build more safety into its products. He is anything but a philosopher; he affects a streak of anti-intellectualism that would have pleased his grandfather, Henry the First. "You cannot trust intellectuals," Henry the Second often says. He could easily have lived the life of a playboy,

ROD CRANE—LIFE



ECOLOGICAL PROTEST AGAINST PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC
Pressure from the children.

and his well-publicized activities as a jet setter and party lover show that he would hardly have disliked the role. But if there is one trait that Ford has consistently demonstrated, it is a sense of *noblesse oblige*—a term that Ford himself would never use.

Even in the late 1940s, Ford badgered his managers with memos stressing the company's obligations to hire blacks and members of other minority groups.* As Detroit's leading citizen, he later was especially shaken by the

* Continuing a tradition begun, oddly enough, by Henry Ford I. Although he was an outspoken anti-Semite, the original Ford did hire more Negroes than any other industrialist of his day, and not only for menial jobs. As early as 1919, Whitney Young's father earned \$300 a month as a Ford Motor electrical engineer and was one of the best-paid blacks in the U.S. Henry Ford II worked under a black foreman while doing a stint in the engine department between college terms.

riots of 1967, during which automen could look out their windows and see the city in flames. The sight of Army tanks guarding the General Motors headquarters was a grim reminder that not even the world's biggest manufacturer could count on being left alone to make money in a society moving into crisis.

Soon afterward, Ford opened two hiring centers in the Detroit ghetto to recruit the hard-core unemployed—largely blacks who have never held jobs, have never been counted in a census and never voted in an election, are frequently illiterate and often have prison records. Ford gave applicants free bus passes so that they could get to work until they collected their first paychecks and even handed out lunch money. The newcomers were put into "entry level" jobs, as plant sweepers, stock handlers, assemblers and press operators, at \$3.25 to \$3.80 per hour. About half the work force at Ford Motor's mammoth River

Rouge works now are blacks. In startling contrast, the number of Ford's black dealers is only seven out of 6,900—but that is seven more than in 1967, and Ford is looking hard for additional blacks to become dealers.

Last December, Henry Ford also committed his company "to an intensified effort to minimize pollution from its products and plants in the shortest possible time." The company's operating policy committee has set up specific targets for each manager to meet in reducing pollution and training and promoting blacks. The record of every manager in accomplishing these goals is set down in the notebooks of data that fill Ford's office. The reports weigh heavily in his decisions about whom to promote.

Beyond his own company, Ford spends about 20% of his time on civic activities. He was a prime mover in starting the National Alliance of Business-

men and served as its first chairman in 1968-69. He crisscrossed the country urging fellow executives to take advantage of Government grants and set up programs to hire and train the hard-core unemployed. He is a trustee of New Detroit Inc., a committee organized by the automakers and other industrialists that meets monthly to listen to the complaints of black militants and try to do something about them. The committee raises about \$4,000,000 a year to aid neighborhood youth groups and similar causes. Currently, Ford is chairman of President Nixon's National Center for Voluntary Action, a new body that aims to set up centers throughout the country where people who volunteer for social service can be directed to the hospitals, remedial-reading clinics and other social institutions that can most use their help.

As a trustee of the Ford Foundation, Henry the Second has supported most of its widely debated actions, including aid to community-organizing projects among the poor, despite complaints from some of his company's stockholders that such programs are "revolutionary." The foundation, which owns 24.5% of the company's stock but is a completely independent body, has been an embarrassment to some Ford Motor executives, who say only half-jokingly that one organization or the other ought to change its name. Undeterred, Henry Ford has plunged into other controversies. Last December he renewed a call for mandatory auto inspection in all states, maintaining that it is necessary not only for safety but also for pollution control. Ford Motor, like Mobil Oil and other firms, is also about to begin a lobbying campaign for tougher state laws against drunken driving.

A Display of Imagination

Other managers are working on a variety of fronts, but their strongest effort has been concentrated on hiring and training programs. It is the obvious place to begin; businessmen have their most noticeable impact on society as employers, and one of the bitterest complaints of the black community has been against job discrimination. Though employers in many places are obliged by law not to discriminate, there are ways of setting seemingly neutral hiring standards that in fact bar the blacks. In the past, for example, many companies required job applicants to have high school diplomas, which favored generally better-educated whites. Now many companies are not only easing these rules but seeking out workers whom they never before considered suitable.

More than 60% of General Motors' new employees in recent years have come from "minority groups"—the euphemism embracing blacks, Spanish-speaking people, American Indians and Orientals. About 50% of Con Edison's new employees are blacks or Puerto Ricans. Con Ed's headquarters in Manhattan now rings with soul talk and

rapid-fire Spanish. California's Bank of America has raised minority-group employment to 22% of its 35,000 U.S. payroll, double the proportion in 1965.

Executives have displayed their greatest imagination, and compassion, in training and caring for their new workers. For both groups, the experience at times is frustrating. Many of the hard-core are without the remotest idea of what is required of a worker. Quite a few have never learned to tell time or even read simple signs; they have no familiarity with such routine disciplines as getting up at the same hour every morning. Some are completely unable to cope and go back to the streets, frequently by dropping their tools in mid-shift and walking out the plant gate, never to return.

Learning to Read the Colors

Automakers have been able to train the hard-core well enough so that 45% to 50% stay on the job; that is close to the retention rate for ordinary workers. Moderate black leaders think that even those who drop out benefit from having once been hired. They at least acquire the beginnings of a job record, some rudimentary training and, if they are laid off, rights to unemployment compensation that they otherwise would not get. The more radical blacks contend, however, that layoffs of newly hired workers only intensify ghetto suspicion that business' social concern is merely a pose.

Companies are making a genuine effort to accclimate their new workers to the job. Chrysler has set up a training center with a simulated assembly line to introduce ghetto youngsters to the noise and bustle of an auto plant before they face the sometimes terrifying experience of entering a real one. Trainees are taught how to tell time and to read the letters that spell out the most common colors, so that when they graduate to the plant floor they can follow instruction cards guiding them to put a blue steering wheel on a blue car. Each newly hired trainee is assigned a "buddy," a veteran worker who lives near the new man and is responsible for bringing him in on time. The buddy often has to enter the new man's home, wake him up and tell him to get cracking.

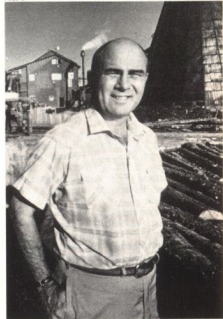
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. has counselors who advise newly hired minority-group employees how to deal with such troubles as illegitimate pregnancies or gouging by loan sharks. Boise Cascade, the timber and land-development company headed by Robert Hansberger, a social activist, tries to teach its new blacks and their white foremen to get along with one another by putting both through sensitivity-training courses. In some sessions, the foreman wears a black mask and a black worker a white mask; the idea is to force each to imagine himself in the other's place. The foreman also dons a blindfold or a pair of special glasses that break up the world into a meaningless jumble, as a sawmill

may appear to a person with no work experience. He must be led around by a black worker, just as he will have to guide the black during the first days on the job.

In areas other than hiring and training, business' social record consists of a set of beginnings: some stumbles, some successes, and quite a few ideas that could become important if more companies adopt them. A rundown:

HOUSING. Life insurance companies have lent \$1 billion to improve housing in the nation's central cities, usually at less interest than on other mortgages. Rather than concentrate on a few huge showcase ventures, the insurers have

FRED J. HARRON—FORTUNE



BOISE CASCADE'S HANSBERGER

spread their funds. Examples: an apartment complex housing 268 black, Chicano and Indian families in San Diego; a garden-apartment cluster for Cleveland blacks; 270 co-op apartments for families on the fringe of Newark's blighted Central Ward.

In Georgia, Mills Lane's Citizens & Southern Bank has set up a Community Development Corp. that has financed, among other things, prototype houses demonstrating new designs for low-cost homes. Last week, in a black neighborhood of Atlanta, C.D.C. dedicated "the round house"—a silo-shaped, three-bedroom model that will sell for \$14,000 to \$16,500, including land and furnishings. The silo design is supposed to provide more usable space for the occupants. Henry Ford has grander designs. Last winter he unfurled plans to put up what amounts to a new town—a complex of apartment buildings, shopping centers and offices—on a huge tract that his company owns next to its "glass house" headquarters in Dearborn.

Ford may never get to build it; he insists that it must be integrated. Dearborn's Mayor Orville Hubbard and the other city fathers have so far kept Dearborn all white, using zoning regulations to defeat several attempts by Ford to break the segregation.

POLLUTION. Automakers, whose vehicles are the worst polluters of the nation's air, have made an impressive start in cleaning up by modifying engines and installing afterburners. The 1970 models pour 70% fewer hydrocarbons and 65% less carbon monoxide into the air than the 1960 cars did. The industry's goal is to bring those reductions to 95% and 85% respectively on the 1975 mod-

"Wouldn't You Rather Borrow Our Bottle Than Buy It?" Coke is also test-marketing in New England a plastic bottle that may be burned without giving off noxious fumes. New York City's Chemical Bank is advertising low-interest loans for apartment-house owners to buy smoke-control equipment for incinerators. The bankers say that they will make no profit on these loans.

EDUCATION. Beyond training the hardcore unemployed whom they hire, businessmen have started trying to upgrade public schooling. Michigan Bell Telephone, Chrysler, and Parke, Davis & Co., for example, have each "adopted" a Detroit ghetto high school. In its

sisted by teachers' aides. The teachers could devote themselves to specific subjects and problems and to counseling students who need special attention, while the assistants could tend to more routine activities."

BLACK CAPITALISM. By providing capital, training and markets, some white businessmen help aspiring black entrepreneurs. A typical case: Archie Williams, a 28-year-old black Bostonian, started Freedom Foods in 1968 by buying two supermarkets in the Roxbury ghetto from the 40-store Purity Supreme chain. John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance lent Williams \$500,000 at 7½% interest, a rate no higher than it then charged to the nation's largest corporations. Purity Supreme president Leo Kahn spent countless hours advising the new chain and used his own company's purchasing agents to get groceries for it on reasonable terms. Result: Freedom Foods is now profitable. Walter Geier Co., a sales consulting firm, has recruited managers of Chase Manhattan Bank, Prudential Insurance, General Foods and many other companies to carry their briefcases into New York City's Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant ghettos and give 16-week courses to fledgling black businessmen on record keeping, salesmanship and financing.

Still, black capitalism has had its disappointments for both sides (TIME, Aug. 15). Several ambitious, white-supported projects have failed. Black leaders acknowledge that Negroes who want to be their own bosses should be given more aid, but some doubt that black-owned businesses will employ enough people or generate enough wealth to help significantly in lifting the ghetto masses toward economic equality.

GENERAL COMMUNITY IMPROVEMENT. Mills Lane's Community Development Corp. has spent \$1,000,000 each year since 1968 to bankroll "clean-up campaigns" in which businessmen and slumdweller's wield shovels and brooms to spruce up ghetto areas and build playgrounds. This year's drive will involve 100,000 people in 34 Southern cities. Owens-Corning has professional football players counsel potential school dropouts to continue their education. Many companies promote voluntary work by their employees. American Telephone & Telegraph encourages workers to tutor deprived students who need special help.

A few businessmen have supported programs directly opposed to their immediate self-interest. Thornton F. Bradshaw, president of Atlantic Richfield, last month suggested that autos may have to be banned from certain city streets in order to lessen congestion—even though that would hardly increase his company's gasoline sales. Gordon Sherman, president of Midas International, the muffler company, is giving \$100,000 a year for three years, with no strings attached, to one of Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader's groups. Nader is likely to use much of the money to campaign for elimination of



HENRY FORD



MIDAS SHERMAN



LEWIS ATLANTA

BANKER LANE

CON ED'S LUCE

The first responsibility is the well-being of society.

els. Performance is improved when cars burn gas without lead, which tends to clog pollution-control gadgets. In February, Henry Ford sent an open letter to the presidents of 19 oil companies, demanding that they speed their marketing of unleaded gas. The oilmen had been working on it earlier, but Ford's public pressure undoubtedly advanced their timetable. All the nation's major oil companies intend to have unleaded gas on the market in the fall, and the 1971 cars will have engines that, when burning unleaded gas, will cut down nitrogen oxides in the exhaust.

Beyond the auto and oil industries, companies have barely begun cleaning up the mess for which they are largely responsible, but many new approaches are being tried. Coca-Cola executives, conscious of the monstrous garbage-disposal troubles caused by marketing of "one-way bottles" that require no deposit, are about to start an ad campaign aimed at persuading consumers to switch to returnable bottles. Its theme:

school, Chrysler has set up a model auto-repair shop and data-processing lab. Students take vocational training under teachers supplied by Chrysler and periodically spend half a day working in the company. The company has hired 290 youngsters from the school.

RCA is undertaking a far more ambitious project. Last spring it accepted a \$735,000 federal grant to study and recommend solutions for the problems of the schools in Camden, N.J. The difficulties include outdated curriculums and teaching methods, heavy teacher turnover, disruptive students and dwindling attendance. Community officials wanted the job done by RCA, the city's biggest employer, because they thought that a private business could approach the situation with a fresh eye. Says Donald M. Cook, RCA's director of educational development planning: "One result might be that instead of having a single teacher instruct a class of 30 or 35 pupils, we would have classes of up to 100, with perhaps two teachers as-

the internal-combustion engine, on which Sherman has built his \$70 million-a-year enterprise. "At some point," says Sherman, "you have to reconcile your own selfish interests with the interest of the public."

Business' social record, however, is imposing only if it is measured against the previous lack of action. As concerned businessmen realize, the record is inadequate when compared with the nation's social need. Henry Ford is the first to admit that, for all the business training programs, social conditions for blacks are improving too slowly. "I don't think the progress is anywhere near as great as it should be," he says, "and I think it has got to be accelerated."

Once they try to venture beyond hiring programs, businessmen move on unfamiliar ground, often unsure of how to proceed or what problem should get their attention first. Ford's No. 1 social worry at present is education, but he is uncertain about how business can improve it. In approaching social problems generally, he says, "I think we have got to establish a list of priorities, and I am not sure exactly what those priorities should be."

Carrots and Whips

Corporate chiefs who share his perplexity are calling on Government to give them the lead. They want Washington to establish more incentives and subsidies for high-priority social projects that business could carry out, and to lay down penalties for failure to act on urgent needs, such as pollution control. That marks a striking reversal of their traditional opposition to federal "interference" with business. Eli Goldston, president of Boston's Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates, recently pleaded for "a set of federal programs containing enough carrots to tempt us and enough whips to force us."

The Nixon Administration has so far failed to heed this call for leadership. In the post-inaugural period, the President talked enthusiastically of offering tax incentives to encourage business to combat social problems. That idea has been quietly shelved as too costly and possibly unworkable, and no new idea has taken its place. The Government does have a plethora of programs and subsidies to stimulate low-cost housing, black capitalism, job training and pollution control. But many of the programs are tangled in overlapping bureaucracies, and there is no central office to tell the well-intentioned businessman just what aid is available and how to get it. The Administration could make a great contribution by taking one simple step: setting up a clearinghouse to which businessmen might apply for guidance as to what they can do and how the Government will assist them.

The Administration could also tell some of its zealous regulators of business not to use—or misuse—antitrust laws and other regulations to block social action. Last month the Securities

Mister Ford: They Never Call

THERE is a go-go spirit in Ford Motor offices that is unmatched in the auto industry. Company men feel that having a living, breathing Henry Ford around lends the firm a certain class that the hired managements of competitors cannot impart. As Ford executives are fond of saying, "Our plane can roll up and Mr. Ford can get out. Mr. General Motors cannot." But Henry Ford II gives the company much more than his name. He runs the show in inimitable fashion. He is impulsive, emotional, friendly. He also

making buttonholes. But in the judgment of John Davis, former Ford Motor sales manager and longtime friend of both Henry the Second is the image of his grandfather in one crucial way. "The only thing to understand about Henry and the old man," says Davis, "is their utter inconsistency. Complete chameleons, both of them."

Wines and Hamburger. Henry the Second is a connoisseur of wines and provides the best food in the auto industry at Ford Motor's executive dining room, but his own lunch there often consists of well-done hamburgers liberally sloshed with ketchup. He is a hard-laboring executive and an equally hard-drinking partygoer. He is unpretentious enough to carry his own baggage while traveling, and occasionally somebody else's as well. He has his own form of affectation, however: he pretends to be the country bumpkin that he obviously is not. Also, though he is usually forthright, he occasionally stirs suspicions that he is a bit of a put-on artist. Asked about his favorites in his art collection, he replies: "I've got a Toulouse-Lautrec that doesn't look like a Toulouse-Lautrec; then I've got a Degas and a Manet and a Gauguin"—all the names uttered in the tones of a bored auto dealer listing the cars he cannot sell.

Ford can indulge his inconsistencies because he is perhaps the most psychologically secure chief executive in the U.S. He is an extremely wealthy man ("I don't know how much I've got") and an unquestioned ruler for life. Through their ownership of voting stock, Henry, his wife and children control 7% of the company. Their holdings were worth \$92.5 million at last week's close. Last year his job as chairman paid him \$515,000 in salary and bonus, and he and his family collected \$5,000,000 in Ford Motor stock dividends. There is absolutely no one he has to impress. Whoever and whatever interests him interests him; about the rest, as he makes plain, he cares not at all.

Starting at the Top. In running his company, Ford is all business. His intense sense of responsibility to the family name will not let him be anything else. He started at the top and stayed there, but doing so took an iron spirit. At 27, two years after the death of his father Edsel, he led a family coup that forced his aged grandfather to relinquish leadership of what was a sorely troubled company. Then Ford wrestled real control from Director Harry Bennett and his crew of hired thugs in a series of tense confrontations, during which he was in some physical danger. For a while he felt it necessary to carry a gun to his office.

The first Henry sneered at bookkeepers and was bitterly anti-union. Henry



PARTYING IN RIO WITH CRISTINA

can be cold, defensive, rude. He is a thoughtful listener, but he can tell off one of his chief aides in a meeting and then look around the room and challenge the others to say whether they agree with the boss.

The heir to a classic American industrial fortune, Ford is in many ways unlike the company's founder, his late grandfather. The original Henry was a better mechanic than anyone he employed; by contrast, HFII (the monogram on his shirts) cannot tell one wrench from another. Though he is a discriminating judge of auto styling, some former associates suspect that he really does not care all that much about automobiles and would do about as well

Him Henry

the Second revived the company partly by instituting thorough cost accounting procedures and establishing relations of mutual respect with the late Walter Reuther. When Ford took over, the company was losing \$10 million a month; last year it earned \$546.5 million on sales of \$14.8 billion.

Ford's success was once popularly attributed to brilliant No. 2 men, but that idea has faded as a long list of distinguished No. 2 men (Ernest Breech, Robert McNamara, Arjay Miller, recently Bunkie Knudsen) have come and gone. Some of them left, Detroiters gossip, because Ford eventually tires of people, particularly if they gain too much power in the company.

Detroiters sometimes liken the atmosphere in Ford Motor's executive suite to a Byzantine court. The company now has not one but three presidents: Lee Iacocca, Robert Stevenson and Robert Hampton. The rumor mill turns largely on which one seems to be most in the chairman's favor at the moment. Whoever it is certainly does not call Ford "Henry": no employee dares to. Iacocca, a highly aggressive and voluble man, seems to have the lead now. He is one of the few executives who will tell Ford when he thinks the chairman is wrong. Even so, visitors to Iacocca's office have seen him stiffen when Ford telephones. Iacocca's end of the conversation: "Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, Mr. Ford."

Mucking Up the Water. Working in shirtsleeves at a clean desk, Ford usually puts in ten-hour days on the job. When the work piles up, he sometimes sleeps in a bedroom that is part of his twelfth-floor office suite. All major questions, suggestions, ideas and issues are brought to him for approval. He has approved that symbol of corporate blunder, the Edsel, as well as the Mustang and Maverick, two of the bestselling new U.S. cars of recent years. Those cars have given Ford Motor the reputation of being the innovator in the industry. The chairman watches everything. Once an executive recommended that the company spend \$20 million on a weekly TV series on the basis of its audience ratings. Said Ford: "That's a sample of 1,100 people. I don't want our company making big money decisions on a sample of 1,100 people."

He keeps dossiers on more than 1,000 Ford Motor executives, reaching down through seven layers of management; each dossier lists the man's history, evaluation by superior and estimate of promotion prospects. A calendar shows where each of 36 high executives will be every half-day for the next week. His memory for details and conversations is legendary. Ford Motor officers say that the chairman is forever reminding them if something they say

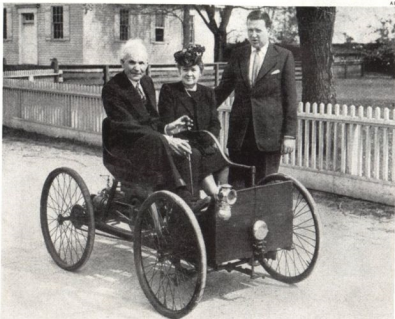
does not tally with what they said three years earlier. Ford himself remarks: "My problem is, I'm told, that I get into too many details, and therefore I'm mucking up everybody else's water."

Away from the job, Ford can be by turns exuberant and shy. His activities as a swinger are celebrated—although, in his own estimation, overrated. His reputation as a jet setter, he said in an interview with TIME's Peter Vanderwick, is "sort of unfounded. I like to have fun, and I happen on occasion to see people who are members of the jet set, and if I'm there, why, I'm picked out. So then it gets in the damn newspaper or a magazine like your own."

Still, he once led an orchestra, fully clothed and playing *When the Saints Go Marching In*, on a late-night wade through the swimming pool during a soi-

there and waiters do not fawn over him as much as they do in the U.S. One former subordinate thinks that he has a defensive streak because he has been surrounded for years by "people trying to sell him stuff."

Preface to End Them All. Ford maintains some reserve even with his family, including his daughters Charlotte and Anne Uzieli and his 21-year-old son Edsel II, a student of business at Massachusetts' Babson Institute. He told his daughters about his impending marriage to his second wife Cristina in 1960 at a party in Maxim's in Paris. In 1964, when he was divorced by his wife of 23 years, the former Anne McDonnell, Ford incurred heavy criticism,



HENRY THE FIRST, WIFE & GRANDSON IN DEARBORN (1946)

Name over the door.

rée at Southampton, L.I. Now he may party with the likes of Gina Lollobrigida, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Stavros Niarchos (former husband of Ford's daughter Charlotte), and Spanish Prince Carlos-Hugo de Bourbon, whom Ford reportedly calls Jack Daniels. "Frank Sinatra sang at my 21st birthday party," says Ford, "so I've known him for a long time. But he wasn't well known then—he was just a singer in a band."

Ford carefully guards his privacy and that of his family. He does not socialize with his employees or other automen. Ford Motor executives are not unhappy about that. They would just as soon not drink with the boss because of his unpredictable moods. Ford likes to travel in Europe, which he does at least four times a year, partly because he is not recognized on the streets

which he characteristically ignored. Ford seems delighted with Cristina but has disappointed her in one way: she is a physical-fitness devotee who grieves that Ford refuses to use the exercise equipment in their 35-room Grosse Pointe Farms home.

In all Ford's chameleon-like moods, one element is constant: his blunt-spoken manner. The standout example is a statement given to Booton Herndon, author of an adulatory biography. During one luncheon interview, Ford announced that he had written "a whatchamacallum—a preface" and handed it to Herndon, who published it as a passage in the book. Its text: "I'm not interested in this damn book. I'm only cooperating because I've been asked to. I don't care if anybody reads it or not. [Signed] Henry Ford II."

and Exchange Commission ordered Michigan Consolidated Gas to abandon its housing projects. A subsidiary had built low-rent town houses in the Detroit ghetto and downtown apartments for the elderly and planned three more projects in other Michigan cities. The SEC acknowledged the "meritorious" nature of the program, but contended that it was the sort of outside activity forbidden by the Public Utility Holding Company Act. The Detroit News acerbically pointed out that the act was supposed to prevent utility holding companies from using their clout to compete unfairly in nonutility businesses, and that Michigan Consolidated had little if any competition in building low-cost housing.

Even lacking Government help, busi-

J. EDWARD BAILEY



TRAINING CLASS IN CHRYSLER'S HIGH SCHOOL
Starting to repair the rattles.

ness can—and should—make some further moves on its own. Among them:

► **Concentrate on promoting blacks as well as hiring and training them.** Few corporate leaders have yet taken a black into the top executive suite, let alone the country club. Though more and more blacks are becoming middle managers, they are usually put in charge of "urban affairs" or "special markets," which really means "Negro affairs" or "Negro markets." To find well-prepared blacks, business may have to look outside its own ranks into such professions as teaching and law, which have attracted talented blacks who were convinced, often correctly, that corporate doors were locked to them.

► **Expand the assault on social problems to some new fields.** Urban mass transit cries out for the sort of research and systems planning in which business excels. Then there is the whole area of drug addiction. Companies that have large clinics and medical staffs could start experimental rehabilitation programs for

the increasing number of addicts in factories and offices.

► **Re-examine "strictly business" decisions.** There is little that business does that does not affect society. Boston's Eli Goldstone offers an example:

Last year, he discovered that an Eastern Gas subsidiary was "red-lining" areas of the Boston slums—drawing red circles around them on maps, requiring any resident there to put down a deposit before he could get the gas turned on, and decreeing quick shutoffs for customers who were late in paying bills. The areas were considered "high-risk." Goldstone stopped the practice. In setting deposits and collection policies, the subsidiary now considers only the customer's employment and credit records, not where he lives. As a result, Goldstone says, "we are not losing any more money in the ghetto than before, and we are collecting from deadbeats in the affluent suburbs."

► **Sell more nutritious food to the poor.** Food packagers have developed special, high-protein foods for distribution abroad under foreign-aid programs. But they have not widely marketed these products in the U.S., where their distribution system is geared to serve the middle class, and their advertising stress usually has been on convenience and variety rather than nutrition. Food executives doubt that there would be any profit in trying to sell special foods to the poor, but they will not really know until they make a major effort.

► **Bring people and jobs together.** Many companies continue to move offices and plants out of cities and into suburbs, for reasons that make economic sense. But the moves put a growing number of jobs beyond the reach of slum-dwellers. Companies could at least haul workers from ghetto to plant in their own buses, and fight for integrated housing in their suburban plant towns.

How far can business ultimately go to help society? Adam Smith's doctrine of the invisible hand still has followers, notably Economist Milton Friedman, who argues that social responsibility is for Government alone, and that Washington is merely passing the buck if it urges business to help.

Old-fashioned liberals also say that the job belongs to Government. They contend that the current slump is too mild to constitute any real test of business' social resolve; a sharp recession, they figure, would force executives once again to value profit above all. The New Left feels that capitalism is too corrupt to be reformed and the profit motive too much a part of it to be mitigated. It considers business' social awareness to be a put-up job and espouses the overthrow of the capitalist system.

Concerned executives answer that Government cannot do everything; social problems are so widespread and deep-rooted that to solve them the nation must use all its resources, prominently including those of business. Still, businessmen are troubled about the jus-

tice of committing stockholders' money to projects that promise little or no earnings. Chrysler's real estate subsidiary, for example, has been reluctant to build low-rent ghetto housing because Chairman Lynn Townsend, who has been socially active in other areas, cannot yet foresee even a minimum profit in it. There are legitimate questions, too, of how much a company can bend its quality control standards in order to hire and keep poorly educated workers. If they produce shoddy goods or sloppy services, then customers are inevitably penalized. The Bell System's commendable record of recruiting employees from the slums has contributed to the recent decline in telephone service.

Faced with these doubts and problems, the most thoughtful businessmen

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make the strong case that social programs should be considered not as an expense or inconvenience but as an investment in survival—for the nation, for the capitalist system, and thus for the company. Gaylord Freeman, chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago, warns that, "There is nothing in either the Ten Commandments or the Constitution that guarantees private property. If at any time the majority of our citizens conclude that they would be better off under some other economic system, then our system will be changed." Adds Henry Ford: "Any successful businessman has to have at least enough common sense to recognize that whatever threatens the country threatens him and his family and his business." The leaders of business can protect the system only by showing that it can indeed bring the good life to all Americans. For that, even more businessmen will have to put as much emphasis on immediate social progress as they do on productivity and profit.

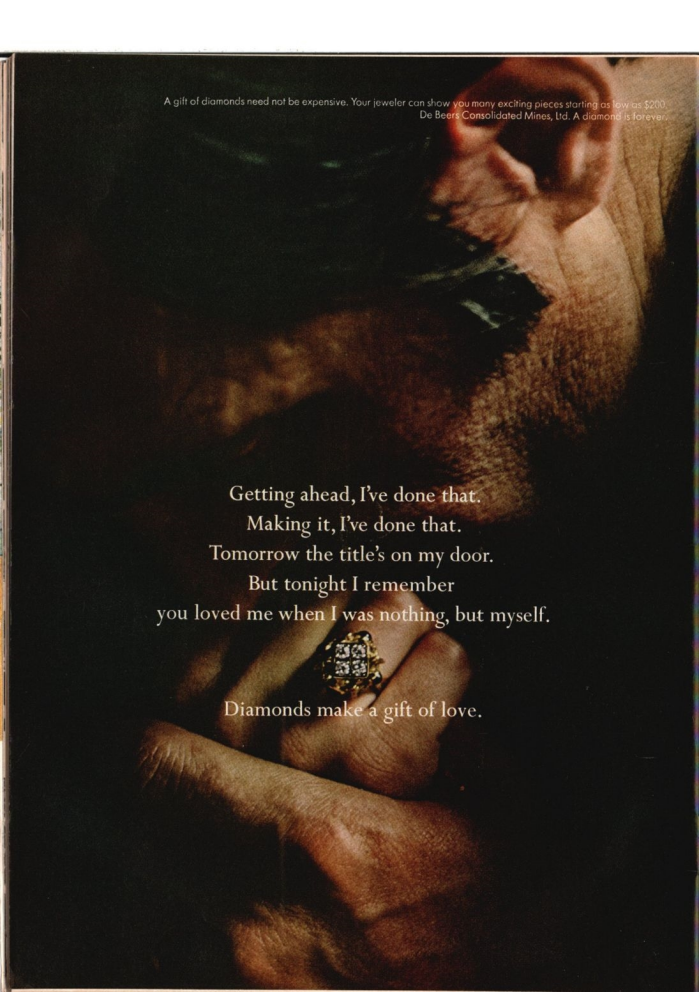


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CINEMA

Compulsive Revolutionary

He is the one who sits quietly at the back of the class, always attentive, always taking meticulous notes. He stares myopically through steel-rimmed glasses and speaks with a halting, stumbling shyness. He has been at the university for years now, studying long nights in his shabby apartment, breaking away only for leafleting or demonstrating. He has become politicized as much by his own loneliness as by history, and any kind of action he may take contains equal parts of activism and self-affirmation. As his sense of isolation increases, so does his political commitment. A subtle, intelligent new movie called *The Revolutionary* charts the course of his radicalization with cool precision, showing that this student mixes in revolution because he must.

The student, called A (Jon Voight), attends a large university "somewhere in the free world" and faithfully goes to meetings of the Campus Radical Committee, a group whose militancy is pretty well confined to *in camera* debates. A gets busted for disrupting a political rally, and eagerly lies on the stone floor of his cell, scribbling a ringing "statement to the court" on a length of toilet paper. He is freed the next morning without a chance to read it.

Political Paralysis. In a fit of pique, he quits the committee and goes to work for an O'd Left group of factory workers. He is expelled from the university for unspecified reasons, then allows himself to be drafted into the Army. He discovers that his unit is going to be sent in to quell a riot in a neighboring town, and so he deserts. Back in the university town, he falls in with a kind of surrogate Weatherman type who keeps taunting him by saying, "You got to have action, right? A

little action, huh?" With him, in the film's galvanic last scene, he is about to bomb an unfriendly magistrate.

A's progress from liberalism to violence may be intended as a paradigm of contemporary student politics, but Director Paul Williams is equally interested in the human impulses that shape history. A is certainly no hero, and as a political figure he possesses about as much charisma as the neighborhood poll watcher. His gimpy right leg cripples him physically, and his academic training—plus a lower-middle-class upbringing—tends to paralyze him politically. Unfortunately, *The Revolutionary* sometimes suffers from the same lingering paralysis. The crucial climactic scene ends with a frame-freeze as A confronts the judge: Will he throw the bomb or not? "The question isn't resolved," says Director Williams, "because I wanted to throw the choice back to the audience." Well and good, but the ending crests without climaxing, reducing the whole scene to "Lady or the Tiger" trickery. Williams also errs occasionally in reproducing the monotony of A's life; the boredom is sometimes not intense enough to be more than just boring.

Interesting Twirl. As A, Jon Voight gives an extraordinarily fine performance—his best to date. He can be comic, confused or concerned with equal finesse. The force of his personality gives the role depth, but never overwhelms and smothers it. Collin Wilcox-Horne, as Voight's sometime mistress, has maddening mannerisms that transform her every scene into something akin to an Actors Studio exercise. Jennifer Salt (as a rich girl who becomes interested first in Voight and then in the Movement) and Robert Duvall (as the radical factory worker) help keep the proceedings in a more realistic perspective. Seymour Cassel gives the agitator an interesting twist of paranoia as well as the requisite shot of adrenaline.

There is a good deal of talk these days about bright young film makers, guys in tinted shades who spin their cameras around like tops, talk "commitment," smoke grass and produce exploitative films of the ilk of *The Strawberry Statement* and *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*. But they are merely today's equivalent of the old studio hacks; it is with film makers like Paul Williams that the future of the industry lies. Williams has talent and insight far beyond his 26 years. He has enough respect for his script—and for his actors—to let the camera record the scene instead of orchestrating it. *The Revolutionary* is not a totally successful film, but it is an extraordinarily good one—honest, compassionate, meticulously executed. It marks Williams as a film maker not only worth watching but also worth waiting for.

■ Jay Cocks



MINNELLI IN "JUNIE MOON"
Exploiting kinky appetites.

Sexual Sideshow

Otto Preminger has always had a certain flair for irrelevant melodrama (*Bunny Lake Is Missing*, *Hurry Sundown*), but never in his mercurial career has he made anything quite as tacky as *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon*. Adapted from an oddly beguiling novel by Marjorie Kellogg (who could be justifiably outraged if she had not written the deadly screenplay herself), *Junie Moon* is at base an egregious attempt to exploit both sentimental and kinky appetites.

Junie (Liza Minnelli) is a wild young thing with a penchant for what may be restrained described as the wrong kind of guy. Her date asks her to strip for him in a cemetery and, after she has a good laugh about that, he tops off a halcyon evening by dragging her into a used-car lot and pouring battery acid over her face. Naturally she is scarred for life. She takes up residence in a dilapidated shack with two other freaks (as they flippantly refer to themselves). One is a crippled homosexual (Robert Moore) and the other a good-looking, good-natured bumbler (Ken Howard) who throws horrible fits just often enough to keep the action moving. Of course, everyone in town despises them except the local fishmonger (James Coco), who springs for a weekend romp on the beach. There the fortunate viewer gets to see a sexual sideshow that includes Junie and the fit-thrower dancing in the nude, and the gay cripple going from bar to bar slung over the shoulder of a husky black named Beach Boy. The point? None whatever. The film's only redeeming social value is that it has prompted the Massachusetts legislature to ban the filming of nude cemetery scenes.

■ Mark Goodman



VOIGHT IN "REVOLUTIONARY"
Charting rebellion with cool precision.

BOOKS

Towering Babel

ALL ABOUT H. HATTERR by G.V. Desani. 287 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Some books make the reviewer want to shout; others, to weep; still others, to pontificate. *All About H. Hatterr* makes one simply want to point at the words on the page. When a novel speaks for itself with such a bizarre and delightful voice as this one does, to paraphrase would be travesty. What can be said in mere critical language, for example, about the following passage, which ends the book?

"I carry on. Meanwhile, and regardless, I am putting questions to fellers; and regardless of the unanswerable what

ble thrown in. His peculiar comic note derives not only from this exotic mixture, but also from his sweet-tempered narrative of sour experiences. The punning jumble that results might be called a cracked hymn to the Joyce and sorrows of life.

Desani's hero, H. Hatterr, is an Anglo-Indian and a "true spiritual devil-may-care." In seven symmetrical chapters, he seeks enlightenment from some sages of India, then sets out to the countryside to apply his new-found wisdom. Each adventure turns out to be a con game, with somebody else working the con and Hatterr as the game. Attempting to exorcise the mystical fit of an itinerant bard, he is himself accused of being possessed by a spirit and is nearly burned alive on a pyre. "Damme," he says, "this is *Life* and contrast for you!"

Contrast is Desani's key philosophical concept. Make no mistake, *All About H. Hatterr* is a philosophical novel that deals, however obliquely, with such eternal conundrums as love, free will and appearance and reality. Its protagonist formulates no doctrines. But without ever quite losing his innocence, he does arrive at a visionary acceptance of all mortal matters as so much moonlight on the Ganges. "To hell with judging!" he concludes. "I have no opinions, I am beaten, and I just accept all this phenomena, this diamond-cut-diamond game, this human horse-play, this topsyturvyism, as *Life*, as *contrast*."

Awakened by a Gong. *All About H. Hatterr* is one of those genuine literary rarities, the lost-and-found masterpiece. Originally published in Britain in 1948, it was a first novel for Govind V. Desani, a shy, eclectic philosopher by trade who was born in Nairobi of Indian parents. The book received an initial phalanx of favorable reviews. But sales were poor, and soon afterward both novel and author dropped out of sight. Desani went to India, where Prime Minister Nehru commissioned him to create a new literary academy. One night, he recalls, "I was awakened by a gong and I had the feeling that I had forgotten something very important. So I wandered away in search of it and lost myself in the jungles and monasteries of Asia."

Desani's somewhat Hatterrian quest included a brief masquerade as a member of Tibet's Tantra sect, whose religious practices include ritual sex in the temple. In 1960, still deeply involved in meditation, yoga and Buddhism, he returned to writing as a contributor to the *Illustrated Weekly of India*. For the past two years he has taught philosophy at the University of Texas. At 61, he plans to wander no farther.

Like Hatterr, Desani has roots in both East and West, and he considers the book "a criticism of both corrupt cultures." It seems to be something of a last word. Al-

though pleased to see it reissued, Desani has no other novels in his trunk and no intention of writing any more fiction. "*Hatterr* was a kind of insanity. I'm glad to have it out of my system," he says. Disappointing news for readers, perhaps; but, as Hatterr might say, damme, this is contrast for you.

—Christopher Porterfield

Clichés Come True

ONE LIFE by Dr. Christiaan Barnard and Curtis Bill Pepper. 402 pages. Macmillan. \$7.95.

It is hard to write the life story of a hero. It is even harder if you yourself are the hero. South Africa's renowned heart surgeon Dr. Christiaan Barnard did not entirely surmount this dilemma. In fact, it seems at times as if he or his collaborator, a onetime *Newsweek* correspondent in Rome, found it hard

PHILIP MORGAN—E. I. P.



BARNARD AT MONTREAL MEDICAL CONFERENCE
With a mind like a scalpel.

to choke self-admiration down into a deprecatory gruffness. The poor boy who made good, the youth who kept his head when all men doubted him, the Walter Mitty syndrome—all the treacherous clichés of autobiography are there. What emerges from them, however, is the unmistakable fact that Barnard's story is a cliché come true.

He was poor enough. Barnard's father was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in Beaufort West, a country town miles from South Africa's big cities. Father comes across as a charmingly inept eccentric who understood God but could never master a car's gearshift. Mother, though, was a ruthless perfectionist who taught her four children that they must always be first in school and never admit defeat.

So driven, young Christiaan learned



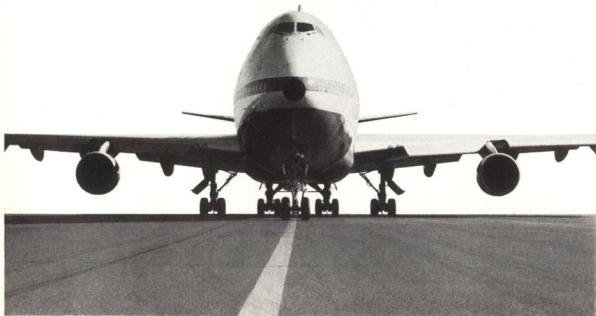
G.V. DESANI

Beaten in a diamond-cut-diamond game.

is truth? . . . Maybe, damme, all humans—the Shem, Ham and Japheth—just like you say, come from one branched-off source: our Grand-dad chimpanzee, our gorilla grandma, and the orang-pantriarch. O.K., and granted. But sans sense, primates, and progeny of puny primates! Why bite one another now, though your ancestors might have? *Répondez s'il vous plaît! man hunting man!* Ach, mein Gott! are human beings fools or what? In the interim . . . while I wait, and you tell, *mach's nach, aber mach's besser*, viz., carry on, boys, and continue like hell!"

Cultural Carpetbagger. In his unique and cheerful way, Author Desani is a one-man tower of Babel, a cultural carpetbagger who hawks the flotsam and jetsam of at least five civilizations and three continents, with odd lots of Latin, Shakespeare and the Bi-

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LESS THAN MOST KINGS—
YET BETTER TASTE!



SILVA THIN
THE ONE THAT'S IN

*ACCORDING TO THE LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT FIGURES.

to study after hours, to win the mile race even though he had no money for track shoes and had to run barefoot, to take degrees in two years that normally took five. With apparent total recall, he reports childhood and adolescent conversations and the courtship of his first wife, a nurse at Cape Town's Groote Schuur Hospital. "Our hands, which the night before had been pressed upon one another in love, now met and touched in sterile gloves."

Barnard, as he manfully confesses, fainted at his first real operation. He was forced out of his first private practice because of local jealousies but managed to get scholarships when he needed them, including one to the University of Minnesota. There he studied for 2½ years under Dr. Owen Wangenstein, who on Barnard's departure wangled a heart-lung machine for him. Barnard is liberal with his "if it were not for the generosity of," particularly to Wangenstein. On the other hand, a new lifesaving operation employing a tube inside the heart—thought up by Barnard during a dull sermon in church—was performed with some revisions two years later by a Canadian surgeon named William Mustard. The doctor notes somewhat sulkily that "today it is known as Mustard's operation."

To Face the World. Barnard's biography conveys something of the real drama of medicine and particularly of the drama of his first heart transplant. The patient, Louis Washkansky, was a sprightly, funny, thorny man, furious at his helplessness and cheerfully willing to put his heart in Barnard's hands. The book captures both the spirit of this crotchety victim and the excitement of that extraordinary operation—even though the prose, at key moments, tends to overflow like a sliced-open artery.

The book ends with Washkansky's death, after only 18 days of new life, and Barnard's undaunted response: "I'm going to America and appear on *Face the Nation*. I'm going to face the world—and then come back and do a transplant on Dr. Blaiberg."

The ending is both an apology and a boast. Barnard seems to have been genuinely sad to lose his patient but also delighted to face the world. The worry about Dr. Barnard since then has been just that: Is he more concerned with his celebrity than with his arcane art? After facing the nation, he has dined with Gina Lollobrigida, chatted with Sophia Loren and Pope Paul. Across a thousand gossip columns he flashed a smile so wide that it looked as if he were advertising newly capped teeth. Then he was divorced by his wife back in Cape Town and married a pretty young girl from the world of South Africa's Beautiful People who was almost exactly the age of his daughter.

Does this unreported aftermath jeopardize the validity of the book? Perhaps. Read closely, however; all the later developments are there, at least

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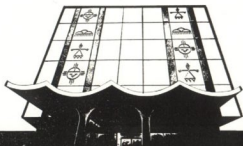
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potentially. Here is a man who is obviously one of the great surgeons of any time, a searching, pioneering intellect who questioned accepted practice, a man with a mind like a scalpel—no more or less attractive. As an account of genius, the book tells it like it is. As an account of personality, it tells more than Barnard probably intended. Either way, it is a fascinating report from that shadowy land of the pioneer. How did he do it? Why did he do it? Can I do it too? Would I want to?

■ A. T. Baker

CULVER PICTURES



DEPRESSION ERA APPLE SELLER
Begging for a deep stir.

Down But Not Out

HARD TIMES by Studs Terkel. 462 pages. Pantheon. \$8.95.

The Great Depression! In these troubled times, how could more words about those troubled times become a national bestseller? The answer is that Studs Terkel's omnifaceted study of the last major societal breakdown in the U.S. seems remarkably relevant to 1970. For those who despair of the system, there is the sobering view of what ensues when the system collapses. For those who cannot understand why the system inspires so much dissent, there is a harrowing display of America's ingrown inequities.

A celebrated Chicago radio journalist, Terkel has put the Depression back together from the fragmentary impressions and memories of more than 150 farmers, philanthropists, hobos, hoodlums, New Dealers and even a nude dancer whom he interviewed. Each one tells a

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in stately, sedate River Forest.



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other colored minorities from the
white majority; the young from the
not-so-young; those working for
revolutionary social change from the
Establishment; Christians from Jews;
religious people from atheists; people
with spiritual values from people with
material values; city dwellers from



suburbanites; people who accept war
from people who resist war.



At Rosary College we're where the
real Division Street ends and the
symbolic Division Street begins. And
the big question we face today, along
with every college and university,
is whether our campus can be a place
to cross Division Street, U.S.A. Our
answer as a Christian college is to
cross it with the Cross—which means
the way of love and faith and hope.
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story in a series of snippets that together miraculously re-create the age—at once petrified and alive—on paper. The views are often contradictory and thus all the more real. "We all had an understanding that it wasn't our fault. Nobody made us feel ashamed," recalls one poor white Southern girl. In another passage, a Chicago door-to-door salesman remembers it differently: "Shame? You tellin' me? I would go stand on that relief line, I would bend my head low so nobody would recognize me. The only scar it left on me is my pride, my pride."

Accurate Jumps. The use of many voices also provides great breadth. Sally Rand gives some flavor of the times, and herself, when she notes: "Friends of mine who had been to Harvard, Yale and Princeton jumped out of windows. With accuracy." The insularity of the rich sometimes speaks in the person of a psychiatrist. The most wonderful kind of servants could be had for a pittance, he recalls. "That's when people were peddling apples and breadlines were forming. But on the whole, don't forget, the highest unemployment was less than 20%." A Chicago M.D. with many patients among laboring men remembers things differently. "People starved on the street. Every day somebody would faint on a streetcar. I remember an ominous march down Michigan Avenue one day. It was about '34. A very silent, scraggly march of the unemployed. Nobody said anything. Just a mass of people flowing down that street. In their minds, I think a point was reached: We're not gonna take it any more."

Most piercing and illuminating are the small details still perfectly recollected. People who were once children at the head of a soup line remember that they learned to beg the ladler for a deep stir so they would not get only flavored water. Women began appearing on that once all-male mode of transport, the freight car. A petty thief, lacking a gun for a sudden job, knew that corruption was so rampant that he could borrow the needed weapon from a cop on patrol. At farm foreclosure sales, friends would gather, bid 10¢ for every item, scare others out of bidding more, then give everything back to the farmer. And in his mother's hotel, Terkel, then in his teens, sensed that the Depression had set in for keeps when he noticed the increased wear on the cards and checkbooks available to guests sitting around the lobby.

A Sense of the Time. Like any good interviewer, Terkel lets his subjects talk for themselves; the book is his by virtue of the editing, organizing and selection that he has done with obvious intelligence and careful restraint. As history, the book may be weak on the why, but Terkel's many-voiced chronicle can hardly be matched by any scholarly work in giving a sense of what it was all like at the time.

■ José M. Ferrer III

To Be Continued Next Century

TIME AND AGAIN by Jack Finney.
399 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

Word has been out for a year or so that science fiction is in trouble. With all the routine miracles being provided by doctors and astronauts, what spaced-out situations are left for the imagination? The solution seems to lie in the past rather than the future. Last year Daphne du Maurier welded the 14th century to the 20th in *House on the Strand*. Now veteran Screenwriter Jack Finney (*The Body Snatchers*) tries the same sort of literary retreat, but into the New York City of the 1880s.

The idea is that some Washington technocrats decide to test Einstein's theory that the past and the future co-exist with the present. They persuade a spongelike commercial artist to live in the doughy old Dakota apartment building overlooking Central Park and, surrounded by artifacts of the time, hypnotize himself back eighty years. Nothing is simpler. The past is apparently right behind the eyeball. In no time the fellow is shuttling between centuries, mellowing with history and falling in love with a girl who, he reminds himself, died some decades ago.

The gimmick is good enough. Alas, the characters are solid pine and the plot is upholstered with historical minutiae that quickly become tedious. Moreover, the book is illustrated with old photographs, prints and sketches supposedly drawn by the hero. Altogether a painfully literal effort, except for those who take joy in minute historical coincidence. Like the fact that New York had a ball team way back then called the Metropolitans. But those Mets had pitching problems.

■ Martha Duffy

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (3)
4. Deliverance, Dickey (4)
5. Calico Palace, Bristow (5)
6. The Secret Woman, Holt
7. The Lord Won't Mind, Merrick
8. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (7)
9. Losing Battles, Wely (6)
10. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (9)

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, Reuben (2)
2. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (3)
3. Zelig, Milford (5)
4. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
5. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (4)
6. The Wall Street Jungle, Ney
7. Hard Times, Terkel (8)
8. The American Heritage Dictionary (10)
9. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (6)
10. The New English Bible (9)

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or good taste?

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up the storm
windows yet?

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